CHECAGOU

1673-1835

MILO M. QUAIFE

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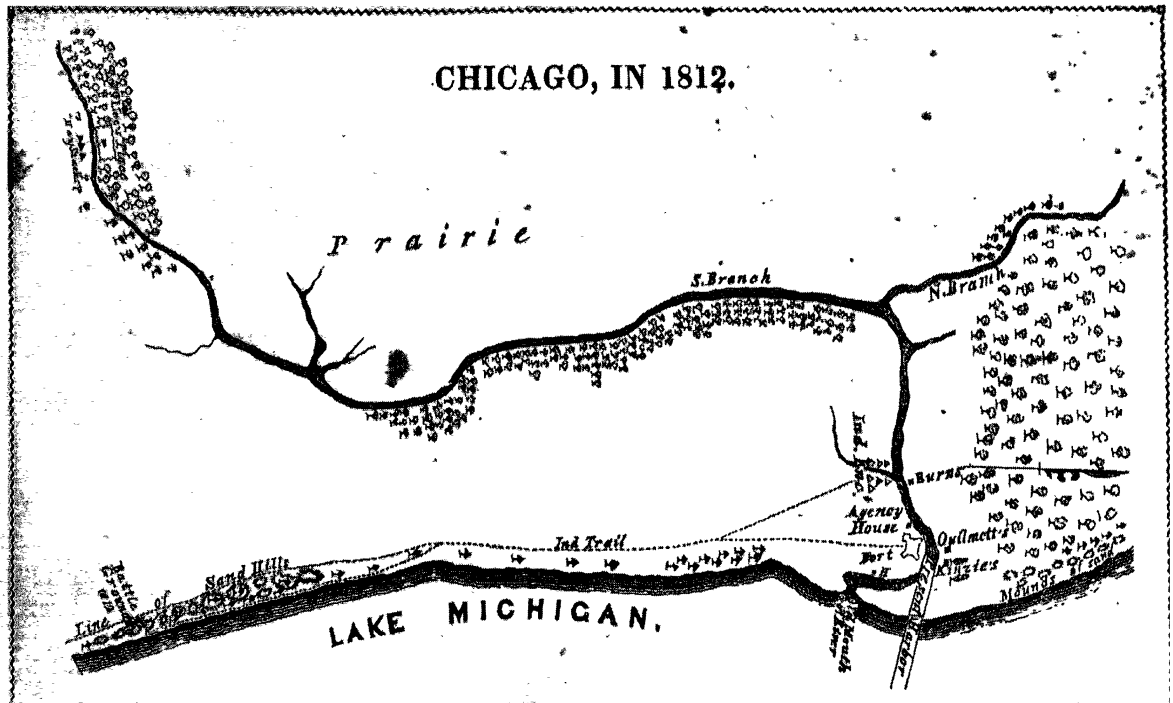

From Mrs. Juliette A. Kinzie's The Narrative of the Massacre at Chicago, August 15, 1812, . . . , published in 1844.

Checagou

From Indian Wigwam to Modern City

1673–1835

MILO M. QUAIFE

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To

DOROTHY BARBARA

AND

MARY LOUISE

5460976

FOREWORD

This little volume seeks to present in simple language which anyone may read and enjoy the story of the forces responsible for the existence of modern Chicago. Twenty years ago, in a volume now out of print, I covered the same general subject. My present narrative utilizes to some extent the earlier one. It contains, in addition, the results of two added decades of study and reflection. In this period much new material has come to light, and some former errors have been disclosed. If my story of how Chicago came to be shall bring pleasure as well as instruction to the reader, my object in writing it will have been realized.

MILO M. QUAIFE

BURTON HISTORICAL COLLECTION
DETROIT

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CHAPTER I
IN THE BEGINNING

Although Marco Polo never heard of Chicago, its story really begins with him. More than two thousand years ago the people of Greece and Rome developed a splendid and luxurious civilization, whose achievements in many realms modern man still vainly aspires to surpass. With the decline of the Roman Empire, however, its glories and its luxuries vanished, and over Western Europe settled the eclipse of the Dark Ages. With the decay of government and commerce went the decline of the great cities of antiquity. Poverty and ignorance replaced the ancient wealth and culture, and life became correspondingly rude and mean. Dwellings became poor, clothing coarse, diet monotonous, and sanitation a thing unknown. To the material welfare of the ancient Roman the resources of the entire world had contributed. To the European dweller of the Dark Ages, only the limited resources of his own immediate region were available.

All people cherish those articles which promote comfortable and luxurious living. The ancient civilization had arisen in the Orient, and in the East the Roman Empire lived on for a thousand years after its disappearance from Western Europe. All through the Dark Ages, therefore, the East continued to be the home of luxury and culture. The people of Western Europe envied the wealth of the East, and longed to enjoy its characteristic products of utility and adornment. To satisfy this longing, in the later

Middle Ages certain Italian cities—Venice, Genoa, Florence—developed a trade whereby the prized products of the mysterious Indies—silks, spices, precious stones, and various manufactured objects—were conveyed to the markets of Paris, Amsterdam, and London. The monopoly of this trade made the Italian cities wealthy and powerful, so that they were long numbered among the foremost powers of Europe.

Which brings us back to Marco Polo and the beginning of Chicago. The thirteenth century was a time of intellectual stir and revival in Western Europe, which was in reality the prelude to the modern age, and to this revival Marco himself contributed significantly. Somewhere about the middle of the century two Venetian merchants, Matteo and Nicolo Polo, found their way to Peking, capital city of Kublai Khan, who was completing the Mongolian conquest of China which had been begun by his grandfather, the renowned Ghengis Khan, and establishing the royal line whose rule was to endure until our own day. Matteo Polo was the father, and Nicolo the uncle, of Marco Polo. The two Venetians won the favor of Kublai Khan, and after a sojourn of a dozen years at his court, he sent them back to Italy charged with the commission to bring him one hundred Catholic priests to be utilized in establishing Christianity in China. The confusion of public affairs in Italy at the time of their arrival was such that they were quite unable to fulfil their errand, being finally compelled to return to their royal master without a single priest. So Kublai turned to Buddhism, and China remains Buddhist to the present day. But the Polos did take back with them Matteo's son, Marco, then a youth of fifteen. A quarter of a century later (we have now reached the year 1295) all

three returned to their native town. Marco, now past middle age, was a fluent talker, and never did an adventurer have a greater story to tell. In 1298 Venice went to war with Genoa, and in a great naval battle suffered crushing defeat. Among the thousands of prisoners carried home by the victorious Genoese was Marco Polo. Prisoner or no, however, "Marco of the Millions," as he was called, continued to talk—and so effectively that before long his captors persuaded him to write it all down in a book.

Thus was produced *The Travels of Marco Polo, the Venetian*, perhaps the greatest book of travel ever written. It promptly became a best seller, and after the passage of more than six hundred years it is still being republished and widely read. In it Marco gave to contemporary Europe an amazingly vivid picture of the mysterious empire of the East which so interested the dwellers of the Occident. On the whole, too, Marco's story was surprisingly accurate, although it may be admitted that occasionally he handled the language carelessly. For this we need not blame him, for six hundred years ago, even as now, readers desired their literature to be highly spiced, and Marco's fictions, no less than his truthful statements, served only to augment the interest of westerners in the fabled land of the Orient, and to increase their desire to share its wealth and luxuries.

One of the earnest readers of Marco's *Travels* was a Genoese navigator of the fifteenth century named Christopher Columbus. The existence of the two American continents was then a thing undreamed of, and the world was mistakenly supposed to be much smaller than it really is. If, as everyone knew, the ocean washed the shore of Western Europe, and if, as Marco Polo related, it likewise

washed the shore of Eastern China, why might not one find an easy all-water route to the Indies by sailing west from Europe across the sea of darkness? This speculation was not original with Columbus, but he alone had the perseverance and the courage to put it to the test. In doing so he won undying fame, although, as we now know, the theory upon which he acted was wrong. Between Western Europe and Eastern Asia intervened the new world of the Americas. To this, and not to the Indies, Columbus led the way.

Only gradually, however, did this fact dawn upon the European mind. When it did, the explorers saw in America only an obstacle to be surmounted. Still seeking the goal of Columbus, a new route to the Indies, they eagerly searched for a water passageway which would lead them through or around the new continent. For three hundred years the search continued, and when at length its futility was demonstrated, in place of the water route our own grandparents substituted the iron rail. In pursuit of the older quest, however, the continent had been explored. It was this which led Captain John Smith up the James River, and Henry Hudson up the Hudson. In pursuit of it, Jacques Cartier found and ascended the St. Lawrence; Champlain founded Quebec as an outpost on the way from France to China; Jean Nicolet, first of white men to see Lake Michigan, penetrated to Wisconsin in 1634; and Jolliet and Marquette placed Chicago within the ken of civilization in 1673.

Deep buried in the past lie the roots of history. Although Marco Polo never heard of Chicago, more than six hundred years ago he set in motion the chain of influences which was to result in the discovery of the spot. Surely it is quite

time for Chicagoans to become acquainted with him. They will not find the acquaintance irksome, for in many ways Marco exemplified the spirit of modern Chicago. He was a man of action, and his deeds did not suffer through lack of self-advertisement. Traveler, merchant, daring adventurer, adviser of emperors, talker—dubbed by his associates "Marco of the Millions"—he would be quite at home in modern Chicago. His statue ought long since to have adorned the lake front.

The discovery of Chicago, like the discovery of America, was accidental. Jolliet and Marquette were seeking for something else, and, like Columbus, they were disappointed in their search. To understand how they came to be here, and what followed in the train of their discovery, we must turn to the history of New France, the colony which sent them out.

The prelude to the establishment of New France is found in the explorations of Jacques Cartier, who, in the years from 1534 to 1542, made three voyages to the New World. On the first he discovered the Gulf of St. Lawrence. On the second he entered the great river of that name and ascended it as far as the site of Montreal, hopefully seeking in this vicinity the realm of the grand khan of Tartary. His third voyage was made for the purpose of establishing a colony in Canada, but this enterprise was doomed to early failure. Thereafter France plunged into a welter of religious and civil wars which monopolized the energies of the nation for two generations. This period was terminated by King Henry IV just at the close of the sixteenth century, and enterprising Frenchmen were once more free to turn their attention to the New World. Quebec was founded by Champlain in 1608, and although the development of the

colony was painfully slow, by the time of Champlain's death in 1635 its permanency was assured. From the beginning, the idea that the great river of Canada offered a highway to the Indies lured the colonists ever inland. In 1617 Champlain himself reached the shore of Lake Huron. Jesuit missionaries soon gained a foothold among the Huron Indians southeast of this lake, in present-day Ontario, and from this center extended their travels as far as Sault Ste. Marie. In 1634 Jean Nicolet reached and crossed Lake Michigan, expecting to find in the redskins of eastern Wisconsin the people Marco Polo had visited and described. By 1660 traders were passing westward along the southern shore of Lake Superior, and in 1665 Father Allouez established a Jesuit mission at Chequamegon Bay. Here were villages of the Huron and the Ottawa, and hither came the members of many tribes—among others, Illinois from the prairies far to the south where the buffaloes roamed, and where, the missionary was told, two crops of corn could be raised in a year. Of more importance to our present story, the missionary learned of a great river to the westward called the Mississippi (spelled "Missipi" by Allouez).

In 1669 Father Allouez transferred his attentions to the savages of Green Bay, being succeeded at Chequamegon by a younger priest, Jacques Marquette. In 1670, Father Dablon, superior in charge of the western mission field, visited Allouez at his new station, where more was learned about the Mississippi. Dablon recorded that it flowed to the south until it discharged into a sea, "which we judge to be either the Vermillion Sea or that of Florida." The "Vermillion Sea" was the Gulf of California, while the "Sea of Florida" was the one we now know as the Gulf of Mexico. The geographical problem as to which of these two seas

received the Father of Waters presented a challenge which could not be long ignored, for if it should be found to flow into the western ocean the long-sought passageway to the Indies would be at last attained.

Meanwhile, in distant Paris, in 1661, Cardinal Mazarin had died, and Louis XIV had entered upon the period of personal rule which was soon to make him the object of envy and imitation by all the monarchs of Christendom. In 1663 Canada was made a royal province, its government was reorganized, and under the guidance of its new administrators a program of aggressive expansion was begun. The Iroquois, who had scourged Canada for a generation, were thoroughly humbled; and in 1671, in a grand pageant at the Sault, the upper lakes, together with all the vast region bounded on one side by the "northern and western seas" and on the other by the "sea of the South," or Pacific, were formally proclaimed as belonging to the dominion of the King of France.

To subject to the test of actual verification the information that had been gathered about the great river of the West was obviously the step next in order. To this, Jean Talon, Intendant of New France, who had promoted the pageant of the Sault, now turned, but before his project could be carried out he was recalled to France. In 1672 Count Frontenac came out as governor, to begin at Quebec the long career which has immortalized his name in the annals of Canada. He was a man of abounding vigor, and one of the first acts of his masterful administration was to execute Talon's project of exploring the great river of the West. Among the participants in the pageant performed at the Sault the year before was Louis Jolliet, who had been born at Quebec in 1645. According to contemporary

testimony, he was a man of much intelligence and promise, and his early exploits tended to confirm the expectations that had been entertained concerning him. Like all enterprising youths of New France, the wilderness had an irresistible attraction for him, and as early as 1669 he had led an expedition in search of the copper deposits of Lake Superior. Although the lateness of the season had defeated this object, another part of his mission had been faithfully discharged. This was "to find an easier route than the ordinary one" between Lake Superior and Montreal. On his return journey, therefore, instead of following the usual route by way of the eastern coast of Lake Huron and the Ottawa River, he had turned southward through the St. Clair and Detroit rivers. Reaching Lake Erie, he followed its northern coast almost to its eastern end, and but for the fears of his Iroquois guide, who diverted him from his direct course, he would in all probability have become the discoverer of Niagara. Thus, while still hardly more than a youth, Jolliet had traced the shore line of two of the Great Lakes, and had disclosed to the French the direct route by way of the lakes from Quebec and Montreal to the Sault.

The choice of Jolliet as leader of the expedition in search of the Mississippi was, therefore, entirely logical. To accompany him, Father Dablon named Marquette, Allouez's successor at Chequamegon in 1669. There, Marquette, like Allouez, had become acquainted with the Illinois, and had conceived an ardent desire to proclaim the gospel in their villages. Accordingly he had begun to prepare himself for such a mission. In particular, he began to learn the language of the Illinois, having for instructor a youth of the tribe who had been enslaved by the Ottawa, and who by

them had been presented to Marquette. In his journal, kept at Chequamegon, Marquette carefully made note of all he could hear about the Illinois country. Among other things he records that when the Illinois came to Chequamegon

> they cross a great river which is nearly a league in width, flows from north to south, and to such a distance that the Illinois, who do not know what a canoe is, have not yet heard any mention of its mouth. . . . . It is hard to believe that that great river discharges its waters in Virginia, and we think rather that it has its mouth in California. [He even contemplated going, in company with another Frenchman and his Indian slave, to explore the river] in order to open the passage to such of our Fathers as have been awaiting this . . . . for so long a time.

This project was not realized, for his charges at Chequamegon became involved in a war with the Sioux, and in 1671 fled precipitately eastward to escape their avenging wrath. The Huron found refuge on Mackinac Island, whither Marquette accompanied them. Before long he crossed to the northern mainland and there established the mission of St. Ignace on the site of the present-day city of this name. Here in early December, 1672, a canoe was beached and Jolliet sprang ashore to report that he had been commissioned to go in search of the Mississippi, and that he bore the permission of Father Dablon for Marquette to accompany him on the journey.

Winter was now at hand, and the departure from St. Ignace could not be made until the ensuing spring. The material equipment for the expedition was but slight: two bark canoes and a little Indian corn and smoked meat. But the personnel of the party was admirably adapted to the task in hand. Jolliet, although but twenty-eight years of age, was already a veteran explorer. Marquette, likewise,

was thoroughly schooled in the lore of the wilderness. All that had been learned of the river and country to be explored was known by him and Jolliet, and they were even equipped with a map, which had been prepared from the information obtained from the natives.

The story of the great exploration has been many times retold. The explorers left St. Ignace on May 17, 1673; before the close of September they were back at the mission of De Pere (at Green Bay). They had crossed Wisconsin by the Fox-Wisconsin water route to the Mississippi and had descended the latter stream as far as the mouth of the Arkansas. Convinced, by this time, that it emptied into the Gulf of Mexico, and fearful of falling into the hands of the Spaniards if they continued their journey to that point, they had retraced their way as far as the mouth of the Illinois. Here, being told that that stream afforded a shorter and easier route to Lake Michigan than the one they had followed on the outward journey, they had ascended the Illinois. Near the town of Utica in La Salle County they found a village of the Kaskaskia tribe of the Illinois Confederacy, and here, as elsewhere, Marquette proceeded to preach the gospel. After the friendly natives had exacted a promise that he would return to them, a band of young warriors escorted the strangers as far as the shore of Lake Michigan. Although no details are recorded of this portion of the route, there can be no reasonable doubt that it led up the Des Plaines to the Chicago Portage, and down the south branch of the Chicago to Lake Michigan. From Chicago the voyagers ascended the lake shore to Sturgeon Bay, and thence proceeded southward around Green Bay to the mission at De Pere.

Thus was Chicago discovered in the autumn of 1673, as

an incidental consequence of the exploration to determine whether the Father of Waters offered a highway to the Orient. Although his visit was but brief, Jolliet did not neglect to note the significance of a problem which still agitates the metropolis of more than three million souls. Upon his return to Canada he made a glowing report of the country he had visited, and in particular dwelt on the ease of communication between the Great Lakes and the Gulf of Mexico by way of the Chicago and the Illinois. Jolliet was wrecked in a rapid of the St. Lawrence almost in sight of Montreal, and his written records were lost, but we have the reports which Governor Frontenac and Father Dablon shortly sent to Paris of their conversations with him, and these record the principal geographical fruits of the expedition. Both Frontenac and Dablon emphasized the ease with which navigation might be established between Canada and the Gulf of Mexico, the latter stating that a ship could go from Lake Erie to the gulf if a canal of half a league were cut at the Chicago Portage. The experience of later generations was to prove this statement unduly optimistic, but it is significant to observe that the youthful discoverers of 1673 perceived the need which still exists of a canal at Chicago by which ships may pass from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi.

CHAPTER II

THE FIRST QUARTER-CENTURY

Empires rise and fall, cities wax great and perish, the oxcart gives place to the airplane, yet a fragile piece of paper decorated with the markings of a pen persists through the centuries. So it has come to pass that a manuscript preserved in Montreal, written by a feeble missionary in the winter of 1674–75, is the oldest handiwork of civilized man pertaining to Chicago, the world's third metropolis. With its author, Father Jacques Marquette, we are already acquainted. At distant Chequamegon he had longed to carry the gospel to the land of the Illinois, and while doing so in the hasty journey of 1673 he had promised the natives that he would return to instruct them further. The following year, while Jolliet pursued his journey to Quebec to report to Count Frontenac the results of his exploration, Marquette remained at De Pere, worn down by the disease which was presently to terminate his earthly career. In the autumn of 1674, his illness having temporarily abated, he undertook the fulfilment of his promise to the Illinois Indians. Accompanied by two voyageurs, late in October, he set out down the lake shore. Stormy weather occasioned frequent delays, so that over a month was passed in reaching Chicago, where the river was found frozen to the depth of half a foot. A renewed onset of illness compelled Marquette to remain here until spring. After tarrying a few days in a camp near the river's mouth (the soaring towers of North Michigan Boulevard today look down upon the site), he

moved up the river to the entrance of the Portage to the Des Plaines, where in a temporary hut the weeks from mid-December to the end of March, 1675, were passed. Since there was no question of canoe navigation at this season, other considerations must have governed the choice of the camp site, whose location has been identified in recent years as being a short distance northeast of the point where Damen Avenue crosses the south branch of the river. Dreary enough the spot must have seemed to the lonely priest, yet the present-day visitor may pardonably reflect that modern industrialism has done nothing to heighten its charm. Here for the space of about one hundred days European civilization found its first brief residence on the site of the present city. Nearby, at the north end of the fine Damen Avenue Bridge, is a noble monument to Marquette, and here daily the faithful resort to invoke the divine intercession in healing their diseases.

Already, we learn from Marquette's journal, outlaw traders of New France had found their way to Illinois, and two of them were established some eighteen leagues below Chicago, where buffaloes, deer, and turkeys abounded. One of them was Pierre Moreau, a well-known bushranger of his time, whose descendants were for generations identified with the fur trade of Detroit, Mackinac, Milwaukee, and other points. The traders proved themselves good neighbors to the priest, whose lot throughout the winter they did everything in their power to relieve. Although Marquette certainly knew them well, he carefully refrained from recording the name of Moreau's companion in outlawry, calling him only "the surgeon." He heads the ever lengthening roll of Chicago's medical practitioners, for de-

spite snow and bitter cold he came a distance of fifty miles to minister to Marquette. Moreover, having come to serve, he tarried to pray. Although the priest could not with decency have repaid his kindness by betraying his identity, posterity would be richer were it known. Adventurous lawbreaker, kindly neighbor, devout worshiper, the little we know of this first Chicago physician but whets our desire for closer acquaintance. As a ship passing in the night, the surgeon flashes across Chicago's early horizon; whence he came, whither he went, even his very name, continue through the centuries a mystery.

Toward the end of March the ice began to move in the river, but, a gorge forming, Marquette's camp was suddenly flooded. The occupants had barely time to secure their belongings on the limbs of trees, while they themselves spent the night on a hillock, with the water steadily gaining upon them. Next day the gorge dissolved, the waters receded, and the priest prepared to resume his journey to the Illinois village. Here he was warmly welcomed by the natives, but illness cut short his stay. With the hand of death already upon him, he returned to Chicago, and passing around the southern shore of the Lake, pressed northward toward St. Ignace. But his life was to terminate sooner than the voyage. Near the site of present-day Ludington, on May 18, he died, and was buried at the mouth of the river which still bears his name. Over him through the centuries hovers that indefinable quality which we designate as "charm"; without it one may win fame, indeed, but seldom the love of mankind. The actual achievements of Father Marquette's life were not particularly numerous or notable. Yet his fame seems to wax as the decades succeed one another. Although a quarter millennium has elapsed

since his death, his memory is still cherished in the hearts of Chicagoans.

Marquette's successor in Illinois was the veteran missionary, Father Allouez, who had preceded him at Chequamegon, and in the design to carry the gospel to the Illinois. Like Marquette, too, Father Allouez set out for Chicago from Green Bay in the month of October and was overtaken en route by winter. He introduced the sport of ice-boating to this region, for when the water froze in the lake he placed his canoe on the ice, and with a sail and a favoring wind "made it go as on the water." Not until April, 1677, however, did the party reach the Chicago River, at whose mouth the missionary found eighty Illinois warriors waiting to greet him and escort him to their village. Their chief delivered an address, which stands as Chicago's first public oration. Unlike some addresses of welcome of more recent deliverance, it had the great merit of brevity. As recorded by Father Allouez, it numbers but a hundred words.

It was, as we have seen, the waterway from the Mississippi which brought the first explorers to Chicago. To its location astride this important natural highway the place owed its prominence in the quarter-century which our present chapter covers. It was the Golden Age of French expansion in America, and no monarch ever commanded the allegiance of a more dauntless group of explorers and empire-builders than Louis XIV in the persons of such men as Frontenac, Duluth, La Salle, Tonty, and Perrot. Count Frontenac had come out to Canada as governor in 1672. He instantly grasped the significance of the western country to New France, and pushed with restless vigor the policy of expansion which Talon, the retiring intendant,

had initiated. Unfortunately for the interests of France, however, Canada was ridden with factions, each bitterly jealous of the others. In particular, the quarrel between church and state, represented respectively by the Jesuits and the governor, waxed hot. The Jesuits had early gained control of the Great Lakes region, and the exploration of Jolliet and Marquette of 1673 seemed to open the way for extending this control over the valley of the Mississippi. Not, however, if Count Frontenac could prevent it. To checkmate the southward expansion of the Jesuits, he took care to prevent Jolliet from ever returning to the West. Thus the man whose brilliant exploration had first revealed the Mississippi to the French saw the coveted privilege of exploiting his discovery go to another, who enjoyed, as Jolliet did not, the favor of Frontenac. The favorite in question was Robert Cavelier, Sieur de La Salle, who now conceived the ambitious design of leading France and civilization together into the valley of the Mississippi and there founding a colony of imperial scope, to which the name of Louisiana was presently given. Long since, the Spaniards had seated themselves securely in Mexico and the West Indies, and their claim to continental dominion extended indefinitely northward from Florida and the Gulf of Mexico. More recently the English had founded a row of feeble colonies along the middle Atlantic seaboard, with spacious claims to dominion inland "from sea to sea"! The momentous significance of La Salle's design lay in the fact that the noblest valley in the world still lay vacant, inviting European exploitation, and the question whether it should be the home of a Spanish, a French, or an English people would be decided by the issue of the struggle which he was about to precipitate.

Born at Rouen in 1643, in early manhood La Salle had come out to Montreal, where his elder brother was a priest of the Sulpician order. By reason of this connection, the newcomer soon procured a grant of land on the river above the city, and there began the development of a seignorial estate. But the great river which swept past his door beckoned him irresistibly to the interior, and before long he embarked upon a career of western exploration which was to win him undying fame. The initiation of his design involved the establishment of a colony in the Illinois country which should serve as his base of operations and as the connecting bridgehead between Canada and Louisiana. Starved Rock on the Illinois was fixed upon as the site of his capital; and thus Chicago, still but a spot on the map, became intimately involved in his activities. On his first expedition into the West in 1679, he established forts at the mouth of the St. Joseph River and the lower end of Lake Peoria. These were the first French forts ever built in the West. Both were soon destroyed, and their story need not detain us long. To the one at Lake Peoria La Salle gave the name Crèvecœur, while the Indians called it Checagou. In a memoir written about this time, La Salle applied the same name to the site of the modern city, the first instance of such usage of which we have any record.

Over the significance of the name of the city much ink has been spilled. More commonly, perhaps, the commentators affirm that the name means "skunk," or "wild onion." Both the animal and the vegetable, it will be noted, have an odorous association, and over this fact much reputed wit has been indulged. It seems apparent, however, from a comparison of the records we have concerning the

actual use of the word by the Indians that its real significance was simply anything great or powerful. No Indians resided at Chicago when the explorers first appeared there, and we do not know which tribe bestowed upon Chicago the name it still retains. However, resemblances in linguistic construction or vocabulary between tribes were frequent, and it is certain that the word "Chicago" was common to several of them. It is obvious that the admiring natives who called La Salle's Fort Crèvecœur, doubtless the only structure more substantial than an Indian hut or wigwam they had ever seen, "Checagou," were thinking of neither polecats nor wild onions, but rather of the size and impressive appearance of the structure. Since these natives were Illinois, it seems apparent that the word was included in their vocabulary, but it was certainly not the Illinois who supplied the name "Chicagou Detour" to a passage at the upper end of the Green Bay Peninsula which Father Crespel describes as being five leagues across. If we turn to Bishop Baraga's Chippewa dictionary, we find *jikag* given as the native word for "skunk," together with the assertion that from this word the name "Chicago" is derived. This explanation evidently squarely reverses the real fact in the premises. "Chicago" was a word signifying great or powerful; as such, it might be applied to the polecat, the wild onion, a fort, or river, or any other thing having the quality of bigness or strength. Thus, in central Iowa is a river which bears the name of "Skunk." On certain of the early maps it appears as the "Cheaguar." In this case, seemingly, "Chicago" and "Skunk" are equivalent terms; but on at least one early map the name "Chicago" is used to designate the Mississippi, and here the connotation is evidently that conveyed by the word "big" or

"great." The adjective "big" was frequently applied to rivers by the explorers. Its French equivalent is "grand," and "grand" rivers today adorn the map of North America wherever the French explorers went. One such river flows into Lake Erie about thirty miles east of Cleveland (on some modern maps it is nonchalantly entered as "Big Creek"). Here the English first made the acquaintance of the redoubtable chieftain, Pontiac, in 1760, and Major Rogers, to whose journal we are indebted for our knowledge of the interview, calls the river by its Indian name of "Chogage." Other illustrations of the native use of the word might be supplied, but the ones already given suffice to establish its meaning: big river, long detour, powerful odor, great building—obviously the one quality common to these objects is the idea of greatness and power.

The sluggish Chicago, however, was not a great river, and it still remains to explain the native reason for attaching the name to this locality. The first explanation ever recorded of the meaning of "Chicago" is supplied by Joutel, survivor of La Salle's ill-fated Texan expedition, who was here in 1687. He relates that "we arrived at a place called Chicagou, which, according to what we were told has been so called on account of the quantity of garlic growing in this district, in the woods." Joutel's informants were obviously the Frenchmen stationed at La Salle's fort at Starved Rock, where his party had tarried for some time. Tonty, the commander of the fort at the time of Joutel's visit, had come to Illinois with La Salle in 1679, and Father Allouez, whom Joutel also encountered, had been laboring here since the spring of 1677. Both the priest and the soldier were thoroughly acquainted with the country and the natives, and Joutel's statement represents the

most authoritative explanation we have of the meaning of the word as applied to the Chicago River. The broader meaning of the name is conveyed by the word "great" or "powerful." Chicagoans, at least, will feel no disposition to deny that this aptly expresses the character of the modern city.

Rising triumphant over his initial disasters in the West, in the spring of 1682 La Salle descended the Mississippi to its mouth, thereby completing the exploration begun by Jolliet nine years earlier. Returning, he began in December the work of fortifying Starved Rock, around whose base thousands of warriors with their families soon assembled, attracted thither by the protection the fort offered them against the ravages of the dread Iroquois. The fort, which La Salle named St. Louis in honor of his king, was the first permanent fortress in the West, its occupation being continued for many years after La Salle's own death in 1687. He left the Illinois country for the last time in 1683, and two letters written at Chicago on June 4 and September 2 of this year seem to indicate that he tarried here a considerable period. The earlier letter, besides disclosing much concerning his difficulties, relates that two of his men had built a fort here "last winter," and they were now going down to Montreal after ammunition for La Salle's use. A "fort" built and inhabited by two men is evidently not to be thought of in the same light as a regular military post. Presumably the one built at Chicago in the winter of 1682–83 was merely a cabin or dwelling. Even so, it is worthy of remembrance as the first structure (other than Marquette's winter hut of 1674–75) built by white men at Chicago. And if a sojourn of several months be regarded as establishing a residence, its builders, André Eno and

Jean Filatreau, deserve remembrance as the first white residents of Chicago.

How long they remained here is unknown, but the hostility to La Salle of Governor la Barre, and the impending renewal of war with the Iroquois, renders it probable that their quest for ammunition proved fruitless and that they never returned to Chicago. However this may be, when Joutel and his companions visited Chicago in 1687, they found here no white dwellers and, seemingly, no house.

Joutel was one of five survivors of La Salle's last colonizing expedition who succeeded in making their way back to Canada and civilization. From the plains of Texas they had journeyed overland to the Mississippi and up that stream and the Illinois to Fort St. Louis in September, 1687. Carefully concealing the fact of La Salle's tragic death, they here obtained means to continue their journey, and soon set out for Lake Michigan, accompanied by a dozen savages who carried their goods and baggage. On the twenty-fifth, they arrived at Chicago, and here found a canoe left by some Frenchmen who had recently come from Mackinac to Fort St. Louis. Contrary winds and their own lamentable ignorance of canoe navigation caused them to remain eight days in a camp at the mouth of the river. Meanwhile, the season was advancing and their scanty store of provisions was being consumed. The state of mind to which they were reduced is naïvely shown by Joutel's statement that one of the party burst his gun while firing at a turkey, and "grieved so much over it that he fell ill of a fever."

The wind finally subsided, and the fugitives embarked for their northward journey to Mackinac. The Potawatomi Indians then lived in eastern Wisconsin, and from them

they hoped to procure food, but the faint-heartedness of several of the party caused them to abandon the journey, after having gone northward a few leagues from Chicago, and to return to Fort St. Louis for the winter. Starvation was the particular object of their fears, and they quoted the plight of Tonty and another Frenchman who, on an earlier journey, "had nothing but garlic to eat for a fortnight." Returning, therefore, to the mouth of the Chicago, the dejected pilgrims made a cache in which they concealed their goods, put their canoe on a scaffold, and retraced their steps to Fort St. Louis.

Here they spent the winter, and Joutel's journal affords a lively picture of the life of the capital of Illinois in this far-away time; in particular, a diverting picture is presented of the bathing habits of the natives. Every morning throughout the entire winter they bathed in the river. The mothers even subjected the little children to these icy baths: "I saw them sometimes; they bawled like ogres and were as red as lobsters," the narrator tersely observes.

Taking advantage of the spring floods, Joutel's party once more set out for Chicago, on March 21, 1688. They arrived on March 29, after a toilsome journey, Joutel saying that he suffered more on this short trip than he had done before since his departure from the Gulf of Mexico. Again bad weather detained them at Chicago, this time for ten days. There was but little game, and they had only cornmeal to eat. But Providence opportunely supplied them with a kind of "manna" with which to sweeten their food. Joutel's description discloses that this was maple sap, in which they boiled their porridge. They also found garlic in abundance in the woods, its flavor nearly the same as that of French garlic.

On April 8 Joutel's party again embarked for the northward journey to Mackinac and Canada. Here we may leave them to pursue their way, while we turn our attention to Father François Pinet and his Mission of the Guardian Angel at Chicago, whose story occupies the closing years of the dying century.

Chicago had been uninhabited by Indians from the time of Jolliet's visit in 1673 to that of Joutel in 1687–88. Not long after the latter occurrence, however, a band of Miami sought refuge here from the raiding Iroquois, and soon there were two Miami villages at Chicago, one on the main river between the forks and the lake, the other a league away on the south branch. Contemporary reports represent that it was Father Allouez who induced the Miami to settle here, and that later, when they had suffered from an attack by the Iroquois, they threatened to burn Allouez by way of repayment for his unhappy advice. Since Allouez died at St. Joseph (modern Niles, Mich.) in 1689, it seems difficult to reconcile these statements with the fact that the Miami removal here occurred after Joutel's departure in 1688. It is clear, however, that they were here prior to 1696, the year in which Father Pinet won an honorable position in the annals of the future city by becoming its first resident clergyman.

Pinet was born about the year 1661 in ancient Limoges, a city of importance in France since the days of Julius Caesar. He arrived in Canada in 1694, and after tarrying only six days at Quebec and two at Montreal, pushed on toward the western wilderness, where souls might be won for the church and the prize of martyrdom for the missionary. Little wonder is it that the spectacle of Pinet's "zeal and abnegation" excited the admiration of his fellow-

missionaries. From Mackinac, in 1696, he was sent southward to labor among the Miami of Chicago, where on the bank of the main river, on the northern border of the city's present-day roaring Loop, he founded the Mission of the Guardian Angel. Although his work opened "auspiciously," hardly a year had passed when it was interrupted by Count Frontenac, who ordered the missionary to leave the scene of his labors. By the Fathers this order was attributed to a dispute over the liquor trade, whose prosecution among the Indians the missionaries opposed, thereby incurring the enmity of certain individuals who enjoyed favor with the governor. Viewed in its larger aspect, the difficulty between Father Pinet and Frontenac was but one incident in the continuing struggle between the powers of church and state for dominance in New France.

It ended, so far as Chicago was concerned, in the triumph of the church. Frontenac was now an old and dying man, the end of whose power was at hand; an appeal to Bishop Laval at Quebec brought a cessation of Frontenac's opposition, which the missionaries regarded as persecution, and in 1698 Pinet returned to his interrupted mission.

To Chicago, later in this same year, came an interesting delegation. Bishop Laval had established at Quebec the Society of the Foreign Missions, and to this organization his successor delegated the care of certain tribes in the lower Mississippi area. Conducted by lion-hearted Tonty, who "feared not men," three of the Seminary priests passed in the autumn of 1698 from Mackinac by way of Chicago and the Illinois River to the lower Mississippi. The interesting report of this journey, written by Father St. Cosme, supplies our best picture of life at Chicago in the period of Pinet's residence here. On the main river, where the mis-

sion stood, was a village of one hundred and fifty cabins, and a league up the river another of like size. Besides Father Pinet, the visitors found here another Jesuit in the person of Father Julian Binneteau. The latter, who was ill, was merely paying a visit to Chicago, his own station being among the Illinois Indians at Lake Peoria. With the approach of winter, the Indians left their villages to take up their annual hunt, and Father Pinet, bereft for the time being of his charges, would spend the winter with his fellow-clerics at Lake Peoria, returning to Chicago in time for the ensuing summer season. He thus became Chicago's first regular commuter, and his example in this respect has perhaps proved more enduring than that of his religious ministrations to the red men he came to serve. As to the latter, the visitors spoke favorably. Admitting that the adult Chicagoans were "hardened in profligacy" and deaf to the appeals of the good father, they emphasized his success in baptizing children, and expressed the optimistic hope, not yet entirely true of Chicago's dwellers, that when the old stock should die off "they will be a new and entirely Christian people."

Two years after this hopeful expression was recorded, Father Pinet again abandoned his mission, this time voluntarily. The remainder of his life was spent among the Illinois in the vicinity of St. Louis, and from the mission of St. Francis Xavier, within the limits of the great city of the present day, on August 1, 1702, his soul winged its way to join the Master he had so ardently served.

For a short time after Father Pinet's departure from Chicago, the Guardian Angel Mission was continued by Father Jean Mermet. He, too, left a year or so later, to serve as chaplain at Juchereau's new post at the mouth of

the Ohio, and with his departure Chicago's first religious establishment was once more suspended, this time forever.

Before we turn from its story, it will be of interest to take note of certain additional items in Father St. Cosme's report of the visit of the Seminary priests in 1698. In their party was a certain "Brother Alexander," who may have been a lay brother in attendance upon the priests. They placed a quantity of goods in a cache at Chicago, intending to send for them the following spring, and Brother Alexander and Father Pinet's "man" agreed to spend the winter here as guardians of the property.

We begin to see that the settlement at Chicago comprised a number of persons in addition to Father Pinet. A touching incident recorded by St. Cosme sheds further light on this point. With the party was a little boy who had been given to the fathers by Sieur de Muy, an army officer. While they were crossing the portage from the south branch to the Des Plaines, the boy, "who had set out alone, although he was told to wait," succeeded in getting himself thoroughly lost. Despite the pressure upon the travelers (the advancing season made haste imperative if they were to complete their journey), all labor was suspended to search for him. Everybody joined in the search, guns were fired, but all was in vain. Next day the party was divided, several of the men continuing the portage while the remainder resumed the hunt for the boy. They searched "during the whole of that day," but again in vain. Next day was the Feast of All Saints, and after its devotions were performed, the day was again devoted to the search. The prairies were covered with long grass, in which a child might readily be concealed, and the searchers dared not fire it for fear of burning the boy. The priests

now felt compelled to continue their journey, after giving orders to Brother Alexander to continue the search, and to enlist in it "some Frenchmen who were at Chicago."

Although the hunters did not find him, the boy stumbled into the Mission after an absence of thirteen days, utterly exhausted and out of his mind. His sad experience as Chicago's first runaway may well be pondered by our youthful readers, if any there be; our present interest, however, is claimed by the Frenchmen whose presence at Chicago is so casually revealed to us through the story of the runaway's misadventure. Whence had they come, who were they, and what occupation afforded them employment? One may surmise that they were illicit traders, like the two who befriended Marquette in 1675; or were they former employees of La Salle or Tonty, who had annexed native wives and abandoned themselves to the delights of existence among the savages? Although these questions must remain unanswered, it is of interest to know that before the close of the seventeenth century a number of white men besides the Jesuit missionary were living at Chicago.

CHAPTER III

THE FIRST CITIZEN OF CHICAGO

With the dawn of the eighteenth century the character of the annals of Chicago undergoes a radical change. The period which had just closed had been marked by great activity on the part of the French in the adjoining region. For a quarter of a century the Illinois River had constituted their chief highway between the Great Lakes and the Mississippi. Upon its placid bosom trader, priest, and warrior had plied their bark canoes. The Chicago River and Portage thus became an important spot in the geography of New France, whose fame was widely advertised.

But forces were already at work which were to effect a complete readjustment of the Indian map of Wisconsin and Illinois, shifting the center of French activity in this region from northern Illinois to its lower Mississippi border, and furnishing one of the interesting and fateful chapters in the history of New France. For some time difficulty had been brewing between the French and the Fox Indians, who lived in eastern Wisconsin. In particular, the Foxes objected to the supplying of goods and guns to their western neighbors and rivals, the Sioux of the Upper Mississippi area, and before the end of the century they had practically debarred the French the use of the Fox-Wisconsin highway to the Mississippi, which Jolliet had opened in 1673. As a natural consequence of their hostility to the French, they made common cause with the Iroquois, the ancient scourge of New France, and waged war on the

Illinois to the southward, whom La Salle had made the firm allies of the French. For many years after La Salle's death Tonty had maintained his fortress at Starved Rock, which served as a center of protection to the Illinois. Now, however, he abandoned it, to share in the newer colonizing activities at the mouth of the Mississippi, to which his last years were devoted. The Illinois, pressed by the Foxes and the Iroquois, now abandoned their villages along the Illinois River, to establish new ones on the Mississippi at and below St. Louis. "May God grant that the road from Chicagwa to the Strait [Lake Peoria] be not closed," wrote Father Gravier in 1701. The concern of the fathers was for the safety of their missions on the Illinois, which could not continue if the communication with Quebec, upon which they depended for their support, were suspended. For almost half a century the Foxes laughed to scorn the efforts of the French to rule the western country. They closed the "Chicagwa Road" to the Mississippi, as they had formerly closed the Fox-Wisconsin route, and for seventy-five years, save for certain infrequent exceptions, the history of Chicago became a blank. Then—a century after the French explorers had first put it on the map—civilization returned to the banks of the Chicago, this time for a permanent stay.

The question as to who was the first permanent settler of Chicago cannot be answered with entire precision. We have already seen that Marquette was here for several weeks in 1674–75, and André Eno and Jean Filatreau for several months in 1683. Another Frenchman who lived at Chicago for several years in this early period was the Sieur de Liette, a relative of Henry Tonty, who, a mere youth, joined that leader at Fort St. Louis in 1687, and remained in Illinois for fifteen years thereafter. He subsequently

wrote a vivid memoir of the Illinois country, and of his sojourn there, in which he states that for four consecutive years he was stationed at the more important of the two Miami villages at Chicago. The precise years of his residence here are not identified, but they would seem to have fallen within the decade 1692–1702. Quite possibly De Liette was one of the Frenchmen whose presence here in 1698 is so casually mentioned by Father St. Cosme. That various traders and squawmen came and went, and tarried at Chicago for longer or shorter periods, during the next seventy-five years, is a reasonable presumption. Certain reports, indeed, of such residence here, have been handed down from the eighteenth century. One was recorded by Governor Reynolds, who knew at Cahokia a century or so ago an aged Frenchwoman who was said to have resided, with her husband, for several years at Chicago about the year 1765.

Another early resident, the print of whose remembrance has all but vanished, was the trader Guary or Guillory. Gurdon S. Hubbard, who first visited Chicago as a young fur-trade apprentice in 1818, was told by Antoine des Champs, then a veteran in the Illinois River fur trade, that Guary had lived at Chicago as early as 1778, and the remains of a cornfield cultivated by him were pointed out to Hubbard. Although this story rests on oral tradition, supporting evidence is not wanting. The government exploring expedition of Major Stephen H. Long passed through Chicago in 1823, and its historian designates the north branch as "Gary River." Since the writer was a professor in the University of Pennsylvania, with no local knowledge of Chicago, some informant here must have told him that this was the name of the river. The trader whose fame

was thus celebrated was evidently a member of the Guillory (sometimes spelled Guyari) family of Mackinac. Joseph Guillory came from Montreal to that place prior to 1747, in which year he married Louise Bolon there. The Bolons were long residents of St. Joseph, and Jean Baptiste Guillory, who was probably a son of Joseph, was engaged in trade at both St. Joseph and the Illinois at the time of the American Revolution. In 1778 he was licensed to convey two canoe-loads of goods to "Illinois via St. Joseph"; the next year he became one of the proprietors of the general store at Mackinac; and a document of July 21, 1781, shows that he had been operating at St. Joseph in 1779–80. These facts, together with others which might be recited, suggest the probability that the trader whose story the aged Des Champs reported to Hubbard was Jean Baptiste Guillory, and inspire the hope that more definite record concerning this early settler of Chicago may some time be found.

Lacking such record, however, the title belongs to Jean Baptiste Point Sable, whose story, for the most part, is here for the first time recorded in print. Of the place and date of his birth, as of the names of his parents, we have no certain information, and our first definite record pertains to the summer of 1779. Yet the name of Du Sable (De Sable, Point de Sable, etc.) is one of ancient and respectable origin in New France, and there is strong reason for believing that on his father's side he was a descendant of this family.

Its story leads back to sunny France in the time of the successor of King Henry IV of glorious memory. In the early years of the seventeenth century there lived in the city of Bourges Jacques Dandonneau and his wife Isabella.

Bourges is the Avaricum of ancient Gaul, stormed by Julius Caesar in the year A.D. 52. From the days when it served as the capital of the race of the Biturigi until the present time it has continued to be a center of much importance. For centuries it was the seat of a bishopric, and here was constructed during the later Middle Ages one of the great cathedrals which stand as the chief monuments of Gothic civilization. In recent decades Bourges has been the seat of great arsenals and cannon foundries, maintained by the French government as the heart of the nation's defense.

To Jacques and Isabella Dandonneau of Bourges in the year 1627 was born a son, to whom the fond parents gave the name Pierre. At a subsequent date the family migrated to Canada, where in due time Pierre Dandonneau married Françoise Jobin. The couple lived for a time at Three Rivers, one of the three chief settlements of Canada, but they later removed to the newer settlement of Champlain, where Pierre Dandonneau became a leading citizen, and where he died at some date prior to July, 1702.

The connection of Point Sable with the Dandonneau family must now be explained. It is a matter of common knowledge that in New France men frequently acquired, in addition to their ancestral name, a second one by which they were commonly known, and that succeeding generations might lose the original family name altogether, and be known only by the acquired one. An illustration of this custom familiar to all Chicagoans is afforded by the explorer and empire builder, La Salle, whose real name was Robert Cavelier.

In the case of the Dandonneau family, Jacques, the original emigrant to Canada, boasted only the family name;

but Pierre (who married Françoise Jobin) acquired the title "Sieur du Sable," and his descendants were known by the two names of Dandonneau and Du Sable. The family became a notable one in Canada, and if time and space permitted it would be easy to show that among its members were numbered an imposing proportion of the aristocracy of New France. Passing over its story in Lower Canada, however, and turning our attention to the upper country, we find it honorably represented in the settlement of infant Detroit. When Cadillac founded that city in 1701, he was accompanied thither by Surgeon Henry Lamarre, otherwise known as Belisle, who thereby heads the list of Detroit physicians. His father was a druggist in the city of Augurs, France, and the son was acquainted with drugs from his boyhood days. He studied medicine, and migrated to Canada prior to 1690, in which year he was married at Quebec. His wife had died about the time of his removal to Detroit, and on November 29, 1705, he married at Champlain a second wife, in the person of Françoise Dandonneau, daughter of Pierre Dandonneau, Sieur du Sable. She accompanied her husband to his Detroit station, where she lived until her death on May 8, 1711. The surgeon and his wife were prominent members of the little Detroit community, and were frequently witnesses at weddings and sponsors at baptisms. On these occasions Mme Belisle signed the church records in a legible hand instead of making her mark; invariably, too, she signed, beside her husband's name of Belisle, her own as Dandonneau. Soon after her death Cadillac was deposed from the command of Detroit, and with him went also Belisle, to spend the remainder of his life in Canada.

Mme Belisle left no children to perpetuate the family

name. More important to our present story, therefore, is another Du Sable who early came into the Northwest and there became the forerunner of a notable and numerous line of descendants. Angélique Dandonneau was a granddaughter of Pierre Dandonneau of Champlain. On October 13, 1704, she married at Montreal an elderly woodcarver, Charles Chaboillez. He died a few years later, but not before Angélique had presented him with three children. On February 2, 1710, she married Ignace Jean, who was also called Vien, and soon thereafter the couple came west to Mackinac. Here they resided many years, and children born to them were baptized in March, 1714, and June, 1726. It is significant to note that in the earlier of these baptisms the mother signed the church record not as Dandonneau or as Jean, but simply as "Angélique du Sable." The couple later removed to Detroit, where in 1745 Catherine (the daughter born in 1726) married Jacques St. Aubin, whose memory is preserved in the name of one of Detroit's oldest streets. Ignace Vien (or Jean) was buried here in October, 1751, and his wife, Angélique du Sable, on August 11, 1764.

We return to the children of her first marriage with Charles Chaboillez. They had attained maturity before the parental removal to Detroit, and their careers are associated with Mackinac rather than with the latter place. We need take note of only one of them, who bore his father's name. He spent his entire life at Mackinac, engaged in the Indian trade. In September, 1735, he married Marie Anne Chevalier, and by the union became allied with a family which for several generations figured prominently in the annals of Mackinac and St. Joseph. He died in 1757, still in the prime of life. Already, however, he had accumulated

a fortune and a family of nine children, six of whom were sons. All but one of them followed their father's calling, the Indian trade, in which they achieved notable success. In the period of revolutionary warfare, all remained loyal to the King. The careers of all are worthy of separate mention, but we will pause to note only that of the oldest brother, who bore his father's name. For many years his field of activity was the Far Northwest, and at the time of the Lewis and Clark expedition he was in charge of the trade of the Assiniboin River. He was one of but two French Canadians who were admitted to partnerships in the famous North West Company of Montreal. One of his daughters married Simon McTavish, one of the most noted of the fur-trade barons of the great company, while a second married Roderick Mackenzie, cousin and able lieutenant of the famous explorer, Sir Alexander Mackenzie.

We have thus established that the Dandonneau or Du Sable family figured prominently in the Indian trade of the Northwest for generations, and from an early day had numerous representatives at Detroit, Mackinac, and St. Joseph. In view of the easy way in which the French-Canadian families adopted alternative names, any one of the numerous posterity of Angélique du Sable, wife (successively) of Charles Chaboillez and of Ignace Jean, might be familiarly known by the ancestral cognomen of Du Sable, which, as we have seen, Angélique herself commonly employed. To account for the probable parentage of Chicago's first settler, it only remains to adduce one other custom of the time, the existence everywhere in the western country of negro and Indian slavery. The church registers of Detroit and Mackinac contain the baptismal and other vital records of scores of slaves. At both Detroit and Chi-

cago negroes continued to be held in slavery until after the War of 1812. The wife of Captain Heald of Fort Dearborn, for example, had a slave woman who was killed in the massacre of 1812. At Mackinac, as at Detroit, the baptismal register contains frequent record of both Indian and negro slaves, and there is no lack of evidence that white men frequently cohabited with them. Point Sable himself, in documents still existing, described himself as a "free negro." In the absence of any specific record concerning his parentage, we can only resort to speculation, based on the reasonable probabilities of the case. Evidently he was "base born," and his mother was probably a slave. His occupation and place of residence, his ability and good repute with his contemporaries, his French name and speech—all support the conclusion that he was, on his father's side, a member of the ancient and widespread family of Dandonneau *dit* Du Sable, one of the most notable in the annals of Canada and of the Northwest.

The ramifications of the fur trade were far flung, and those engaged in it were subject to frequent changes of residence. Our first definite documented knowledge of Point Sable belongs to the year 1779, when he had a house and trading establishment at present-day Michigan City. It was a period of great confusion in the western country, occasioned by the conflict between George Rogers Clark and his British opponents. Point Sable found himself on the borderline between the hostile forces, and in midsummer, 1779, a corporal's guard of soldiers appeared at Michigan City and placed him under arrest.

The capacity to win the confidence of men of ability and character is in itself an indication of the possession of these qualities. Point Sable was arrested in time of war and on

suspicion of treasonable intercourse with the enemy, yet his captor, Lieutenant Bennett, reported to his superior, Major de Peyster, that he had behaved "in every respect" as became a man in his situation, adding that he "has many friends who give him a good character." He was carried a prisoner to Mackinac and almost coincident with his arrival, De Peyster was transferred to the command of Detroit, the vacancy at Mackinac being filled by the appointment of Lieutenant-Governor Patrick Sinclair. The new governor was a man of considerable ability, who ultimately attained the rank of lieutenant general in the British army. His administration at Mackinac was a stormy one, however, and in its course he became embroiled with almost every servant of the King in this region. Yet Point Sable succeeded, despite the heavy handicap of his unfavorable introduction, in winning the complete confidence of Governor Sinclair.

It was to this success that Point Sable owed his employment during the next three or four years. Some time before coming to Mackinac, Sinclair had developed a considerable establishment on the St. Clair River, a few miles south of modern Port Huron, Michigan. In charge of this was a Detroit Frenchman, François Bellecour. For some reason the latter's conduct aroused the displeasure of the Indians of the region, and in the summer of 1780 a considerable delegation proceeded to Mackinac, where they laid their complaint before the governor and asked that Bellecour be dismissed and Point Sable be placed in charge. Sinclair complied with this request, and from this time until the spring of 1784 Point Sable was more or less continuously at this place. The "Pinery" (as Sinclair's establishment was called) was within the commercial orbit of

Detroit's merchants, and thus it chances that certain account-books of the latter, preserved in the Detroit Public Library, contain entries which shed incidental light upon the activities of Point Sable. Two of these in particular are of importance to our story. One is an account with Point Sable in the ledger of Thomas Smith. The account is headed "Jean Bte. Point au Sable living at Chicago," and the entries run from December 25, 1782, to April 10, 1783. Although this seems to indicate that Point Sable was living at Chicago in 1782–83, other records show him to have been at the Pinery at this time, and point to 1784 as the year of his removal to Chicago. We shall see presently that he terminated his stay here in 1800. Whether it began in 1784 or a year earlier, the period is amply long to justify the title of permanent resident of Chicago.

Another well-known Detroit merchant who had dealings with Point Sable while at his St. Clair River station was James May, near the end of whose daybook for 1784 is a partial memorandum of Point Sable's personal effects. The lower half of the page is missing; the entries on the portion still remaining are chiefly of pictures, which, for some reason not stated, had been intrusted to May's custody. The inventory discloses that at his wilderness station he had twenty-three pictures. The schedule of them lists such titles as Lady Strafford, Lady Fortescue, the King and Rain, the Magician, and Love and Desire, or the Struggle. Two explanations of this surprising inventory may be suggested: one, that the pictures were the property of the cultured Sinclair, whose agent Point Sable was; the other, that they were Point Sable's own property, as the record actually represents them to have been. Colonel de Peyster, commandant at Mackinac and Detroit during the Revolu-

tion, has recorded that Point Sable was "well educated." The possession of the pictures lends support to this statement, although from some other sources we know that his penmanship was limited to writing his initials.

From the years of Point Sable's residence at Chicago two significant documents have come down to us, both of them preserved in Detroit. In the early spring of 1790 William Robertson of Detroit sent his clerk, Hugh Heward, on a business mission to the Illinois country. Heward kept a detailed journal of his voyage, and its contents read strangely enough at the present day. He had several Canadian boatmen to assist him, and the entire journey was made by water. The route taken led down the Detroit River to Lake Erie, up the Huron to the headwaters of Grand River, and down the latter stream to Lake Michigan, at Grand Haven, thence around the lake shore to Chicago, and down the Des Plaines and Illinois to the Mississippi. The voyagers reached Chicago May 10, forty-eight days out from Detroit. Here they exchanged their canoe for a perogue belonging to Point Sable, and procured also a supply of flour, bread, and pork from him. The journal establishes the fact of his residence here in 1790, and discloses his ability to meet an unexpected demand for considerable quantities of flour, bread, and pork—to which items we shall presently return.

In May, 1800, Point Sable sold his Chicago property to Jean la Lime of St. Joseph. Witnesses to the transaction were the St. Joseph traders, Burnet and Kinzie, and shortly following its completion the bill of sale was carried to Detroit for recording, and here in the Wayne County Building it may still be seen. Written in French, it is a document of peculiar interest; it sheds a flood of light upon

the character and mode of life of Point Sable, and it gives the most detailed and authentic picture in existence of the storied Kinzie home, for whose creation Point Sable was responsible.

Readers of Mrs. Juliette Kinzie's book, *Wau Bun*, are familiar with her description of the family "mansion," which stood on the north bank of the river directly facing the fort, "a long, low building, with a piazza extending along its front, a range of four or five rooms." The bill of sale of 1800 gives much precise information about Point Sable's domestic establishment. Besides the "mansion," described by Mrs. Kinzie (22 by 40 feet in size), there were numerous outbuildings: two barns, 24 by 30 and 28 by 40 feet, respectively; a horsemill, 24 by 36 feet; a bakehouse, 18 by 20 feet; a poultry-house, a workshop, a dairy, and a smokehouse, each of smaller dimensions.

The equipment included 8 axes, several saws, 7 scythes, 8 sickles, 3 carts, and a plow. There were 2 mules, 30 head of full-grown cattle, 2 calves, 28 hogs, and 44 hens. A moment's reflection will suffice to show that these figures indicate an extensive civilized establishment. One does not build and equip a mill and a bakehouse unless he has grain to grind and flour to bake. Corn might be bought from the Indians, but to have wheat for his mill Point Sable must have raised it himself. This, and the cutting of hay for his live stock, explains the use to which his seven scythes and eight sickles were put. We are now ready to perceive the significance of Point Sable's transaction with Hugh Heward, his chance visitor of 1790. Evidently the wheatfield, the mill, and the bakehouse had all been developed prior to that year. Evidently, too, Point Sable produced the lumber used in the erection of his buildings: 8 axes, 1 plank

saw, 1 large ripsaw, 1 crosscut saw with 7-inch blade, 1 cooper's handsaw, and a kit of carpenter's tools, tell their own story. Noticeable in this connection is the inventory item "1 horse stable—all the wood for a barn." This can only mean that prior to selling his establishment Point Sable had planned to erect a third stable, and had already manufactured the lumber for it.

Within the house, two items attract our particular attention, a large number of copper kettles (eleven in all), and a cabinet of French walnut, 8 by 4 feet, with four glass doors. Was this manufactured at Chicago, or was it brought here from some point closer to civilization by the tedious process of *bateau* transportation? And to what use did the owner put it? Although Colonel de Peyster tells us that Point Sable was "well educated," no mention of the ownership of books has been found. Yet the present inventory contains no item of chinaware to require the setting of a French walnut cabinet with four glass doors. The problem of its use must be left unsolved. In passing, it may be noted that the many pictures owned at the Pinery seem never to have been brought to Chicago; the inventory of 1800 lists but two.

Two other considerations press upon our attention at this point. The existence of so large an establishment implies the presence of a considerable number of workers to maintain it; such items as 8 axes, 7 scythes, and 8 sickles are significant in this connection. Point Sable was a trader, and must frequently have been absent from his home. When there he can hardly have found time to indulge in regular manual labor. Both in the conduct of his trading operations and in the maintenance of his domestic establishment he must have had a considerable number of em-

ployees. Evidently there were Frenchmen in his employ whose names are preserved on no list of early Chicagoans that has come down to us.

The other consideration brings us to the question of Point Sable's family. The establishment he maintained obviously required a housekeeper, and Point Sable had not neglected to procure one. On October 27, 1788, he married at Cahokia an Indian woman named Catherine. This was but a formal celebration, however, of a union consummated years before. Such a custom was common in the wilderness, where years might pass without the visit of a priest, and where civil magistrates were commonly nonexistent. Two years after the formal marriage of Point Sable to Catherine, their daughter, Susanne, was married at Cahokia to Jean Baptiste Pelletier, and in this connection several interesting facts appear. She is described in the marriage register as the natural child of Point Sable and an Indian woman. On October 7, 1799, Eulalie, a daughter of Jean Baptiste Pelletier and Susanne Point Sable, was baptized, and the record states that she was born October 8, 1796, and that the parents were living at Chicago. Catholic doctrine demands the prompt baptism of infants, and in practice the ceremony is often performed within a few hours after birth. The delay of three years in the case of little Eulalie indicates that it had not been practicable for the parents to convey her three-hundred miles to Cahokia until the autumn of 1799. Since the couple were living at Chicago at this time, it is a probable supposition that they had been doing so from the time of their marriage in 1790. It may reasonably be assumed, also, that Susanne Point Sable was not less than sixteen years old when she became a bride. With this starting-point, we may conclude that

Point Sable himself was born not later than the year 1750.

Besides his daughter, Susanne, Point Sable had a son, also named Jean Baptiste, who, it is reasonable to presume, lived at Chicago during the years of his father's residence here. At any rate they were closely associated during the subsequent years in Missouri, until the death of the younger man in 1814. Their names occur in various documents which have been preserved, and their identity renders it impossible at times to know whether the senior or the junior Point Sable is the person in question. In 1812, for example, Point Sable accompanied a trading expedition dispatched by Manuel Lisa to the Mandan tribe on the Upper Missouri. Many of the expedition were killed by the natives, and the survivors reached St. Louis in the early summer of 1813. Considerations of age render it probable that it was Point Sable, Jr., rather than the Chicago settler, who went on this expedition, but the record left us does not itself enable us to determine the point.

Why Point Sable in 1800 terminated his long career of prosperity at Chicago is a matter of uncertainty. Mrs. Kinzie, who in *Wau Bun* supplies a brief and inaccurate statement concerning his career, states that he went to Peoria to live with his friend Clamorgan, "another St. Domingo negro," and suggests that disgust over his inability to gain the chieftainship of the Chicago Potawatomi was the cause of his removal. That Point Sable had been at Peoria at a much earlier date is proved by the fact that the United States commissioners who investigated the private-land claims of the French settlers in the Northwest were convinced that he had cultivated a farm at Peoria prior to 1780, and on the strength of this evidence he was awarded

eight-hundred acres of land there. But Jacques Clamorgan was not a Peorian, nor was he a San Domingo negro. On the contrary, he was a resident of St. Louis, and was long one of the most enterprising merchants of Spanish Louisiana. He stood high in the favor of the Spanish government, and years before the exploration of Lewis and Clark he had taken a leading part in exploring the Upper Missouri and in combating the British traders in that region. After the transfer of Louisiana to the United States, he became one of the first judges of the Court of Common Pleas at St. Louis. If Point Sable was his intimate friend, the fact is much to the credit of our Chicago settler, affording one more indication of his ability to win the confidence of men of responsible station in life.

Some scattering legal documents shed considerable light upon Point Sable's career after his departure from Chicago. In December, 1801, he was plaintiff in a case in the Court of Common Pleas of St. Clair County, Illinois, which was transferred the following March to the Indiana Supreme Court. In June, 1801, he testified concerning some horses which had been stolen by Indians, and the record implies (although it does not clearly state) that he had seen the horses in the vicinity of Peoria. A record of February 10, 1814, concerning the title to a piece of real estate in St. Charles, Missouri, discloses that Point Sable, Jr., was then residing in that place. Another of April 6, 1825, respecting the title to a house and lot in St. Charles certifies that about the year 1805 the property had been sold to Point Sable, and had been occupied and cultivated since that time. From this time until June, 1813, several transfers of property in the city and county of St. Charles were made jointly by the elder and the younger Point Sable. The lat-

ter died shortly prior to February 17, 1814, on which date one Henry High was appointed administrator of his estate. Five months later, High was removed and Point Sable, Sr., was appointed in his stead.

About this time we encounter two documents of mournful significance to our story. In June, 1813, Point Sable conveyed a house and lot in St. Charles, together with other property of various kinds, to Eulalia Baroda, wife of Michael Derais, the consideration being her promise to care for him, and to bury him in the Catholic cemetery at St. Charles. The nature of the transaction, taken with the identity of name, justifies the inference that Mrs. Derais was none other than Point Sable's granddaughter, the little Eulalie who was born at Chicago on October 8, 1796, and whose infant years were passed in the rambling home of Point Sable on the north bank of the river.

The other document, dated September 14, 1814, recites that Point Sable, now imprisoned in the St. Charles jail, proposed on October 10 to apply to the court for permission to take the benefit of the laws concerning insolvent debtors; for the information of his creditors this notice is published. Henceforth the records are silent concerning Point Sable. Whether Granddaughter Eulalie fulfilled her promise to care for him in his declining years, and whether she buried him in the St. Charles Catholic Cemetery, are questions to which we have found no answer.

Too long have Chicagoans regarded their first citizen with feelings mingled of levity and contempt. The sober historical record, pieced together from many divergent sources, discloses him as a man in whom the modern city may take legitimate pride. Base-born he probably was, but in his veins coursed the best blood of New France. If one

chooses to reject my conclusion concerning his paternity, the alternative then remains that from the humblest conceivable origin Point Sable achieved, unaided, a position of commercial importance and assured respectability. He was enterprising and industrious, he inspired friendships which were not shaken by fortune's frown, and he commanded the confidence of men in responsible governmental and commercial stations. He was a true pioneer of civilization, leader of the unending procession of Chicago's swarming millions. Even in his mixed blood he truly represented the future city, for where else on earth is a greater conglomeration of races and breeds assembled together? His story is one with that of early Chicago.

CHAPTER IV

MAD ANTHONY'S DEAL IN REAL ESTATE

The children in our public schools are taught that the war for American independence ended in 1783; yet for many years a bronze tablet affixed to the main entrance of the Detroit post-office informed the reader that here, on July 11, 1796, "at 12 o'clock noon," was performed the final act in the War of Independence. Both statements are true, but the one on the tablet applies with peculiar significance to the beginnings of modern Chicago. To explain this is the task of our present chapter.

The opening events in the drama of the American Revolution were enacted along the Atlantic seaboard. Yet a comprehensive survey of the contemporary scene accords to the western country the principal responsibility for precipitating the struggle. The triumph of Great Britain in the Seven Years' War had made her the dominant power of the world, but the victory contained also the seeds of future humiliation and defeat. To Great Britain it added a vast extent of country in North America, a portion of which was inhabited by Frenchmen, the remainder by savage tribes. The English colonies along the seaboard had grown up in haphazard fashion, each jealous of the rest and all in common jealous of the authority the mother-country exercised over them. The Indian, in particular, presented a problem with which the home government must deal in some fashion or other. It could not be avoided, and in the effort to solve it, in the years from 1761 to 1775, various

divergent policies and factions developed. The several solutions propounded, whether wise or unwise in themselves, represented, in the main, sincere attempts on the part of the home government to cope with a difficult problem in imperial administration. A considerable proportion of the seaboard colonists, however, conceived their interests to be adversely affected by the policies of the government and assumed an attitude of opposition to them. Over the issue thus raised came organized revolt, which eventuated in American independence and the virtual death of the old British Empire. Chicagoland, to adopt a happy term of recent coinage, was the very heart of the region, the problem of whose governmental disposition precipitated results of such momentous consequence in the further history of the race.

The opening of the war found the British in undisputed control of the Northwest, and for a time the feeble Kentucky settlements entertained no thought of challenging this control. They were harried to madness, however, by a terrible series of Indian raids from across the Ohio, which were encouraged, and frequently organized, by Lieutenant-Governor Henry Hamilton of Detroit. The settlers were considering abandoning Kentucky, when George Rogers Clark conceived the project of saving the colony by assuming the offensive and carrying the war into the enemy's country. In the summer of 1778 he initiated the undertaking by marching against the towns of the French Illinois, over which he speedily gained control. The duel with Governor Hamilton at Vincennes in the winter of 1779 followed, leaving Clark in possession of the southern portion of the Northwest, and for a time the brilliant young leader entertained dreams of capturing Detroit and overthrowing

completely the British authority in the western country. Throughout the war, however, the British retained firm control of Detroit and all the lake region, and their war parties repeatedly harassed the settlements south of the Ohio. In short, for the Northwest the military struggle ended in a stalemate, with the Americans clinging tenaciously to Vincennes and the Illinois towns, while the British held even more securely the Great Lakes and all the territory adjacent to them.

Why, under these circumstances, the British negotiators of the treaty of peace in 1783 consented to cede all the western country to the new nation, thereby extending its boundary to the Mississippi, scholars have never yet succeeded in determining. Perhaps the most plausible explanation of Great Britain's unusual generosity is that the expectations her statesmen had entertained of reaping a large income from the trade of the western country had been grievously disappointed in the years following the conquest of Canada. Instead of income, there had been a heavy and constant governmental outlay, and by 1783 the ministry was quite content to wash its hands of the burden by yielding the entire Northwest to the newborn American nation.

But the treaty of 1783 brought neither peace nor American rule to the Northwest. Numerous causes of discord between the two nations existed, and neither discharged all the obligations it had assumed toward the other. One of the knottiest problems was that presented by the Indians and the Indian trade. The red men had always regarded themselves as sovereign peoples, owing no subjection to the whites who came among them. Those who had fought as allies of Great Britain in the recent war were dismayed over

the prospect of desertion by England at its termination. The British authorities dissembled the situation as best they might, and it was long before the natives comprehended that so far as England could accomplish it their lands and themselves had been ceded to the Americans.

Had the British power disappeared outright from America, as that of France had done at the close of the last war, the mischief wrought to the Indians would have been far less. They were quite unequal to maintaining, unaided, a contest with the United States, even as they were unable to exist without a continual supply of the white man's goods upon which they had now for generations been dependent. With Great Britain absent from the Continent, therefore, the absolute necessity of coming to terms with the Americans would have become quickly manifest to them. But Canada was retained by Great Britain, and the Indians continued to look to their English "Father" for moral and material support, while the English, on their part, became increasingly reluctant to sever the bonds which drew their former allies to them. The prosperity of Canada rested chiefly on the fur trade, and the boundary line drawn in the recent peace treaty cut squarely in two the country from which the furs came down to Montreal. While an important portion of them came from the Canadian side of the international boundary, the Mississippi country and the region south of the Lakes supplied an equal portion of the whole.

Within this area, scattered along the borders of the Great Lakes, was the line of military posts which the British had held before and throughout the Revolution. By the treaty of 1783 Great Britain agreed to withdraw her armies from all places in the United States "with all con-

venient speed." This obligation was kept elsewhere, but in the Northwest it was calmly ignored. The real ruler of Canada in the first few years following the Revolution was a Swiss soldier of fortune, General Frederick Haldimand. He readily yielded to the pressure of the Montreal merchants, who feared that with the delivery of the posts to the United States would pass, also, the control of the Indian trade. Along with this economic motive went the military and political one that the Indian tribes of the Northwest constituted the chief protection of Canada from American aggression. To yield the posts and the fur trade to the United States would mean to alienate the tribesmen, converting them from potential defenders to enemies in any future war. To retain them as allies for the protection of Canada, and the control of the fur trade on which its prosperity depended, were the dominant motives of Haldimand's policy.

Meanwhile, settlers were pressing into the Northwest, and laying the foundations of the future great commonwealth of Ohio. In 1787 Congress enacted the famous ordinance for the government of the Northwest and sold 1,500,000 acres of land to the Ohio Company, which founded Marietta the following year. Therewith the tide of migration into the region may be said fairly to have begun. The red men manifested increasing opposition to the American advance, and one of the grave tasks which early devolved upon President Washington was that of composing the discord between the red race and the white in this region.

With both races determined to possess the country north of the Ohio, war was inevitable, and once begun it could only end in the triumph of the white men. Yet the Ameri-

can government, harassed with many troublesome problems, entered upon the conflict with great reluctance, and only after a flood of appeals for protection had been received from the frontier. In July, 1790, Governor St. Clair called upon the state of Kentucky for troops, authorized the levying of the militia in western Pennsylvania and Virginia, and prepared for a vigorous campaign. Fort Washington, established on the site of modern Cincinnati, became the American headquarters, while the villages in the vicinity of present-day Fort Wayne, Indiana, were the chief center of the Indian power. Here was an important trading center, in close dependence upon Detroit, and the natural rallying-point of all the tribes. Against this stronghold the American government was to launch three successive armies, and four years of effort were required to make the two-hundred-mile march from Cincinnati to Fort Wayne.

The first army, 1,400 strong, led by General Harmar, marched from Fort Washington in October, 1790. As it drew near Fort Wayne, the red men, despairing of successful resistance, sent off their traders and abandoned their villages. At this juncture a band of Sauk and Fox warriors arrived on the scene and inspired the discouraged Shawnee and Miami to action. "Brothers we have not come so far for no purpose," they declared, "therefore we must eat them or they us." Harmar's force numbered 300 regular soldiers and 1,100 undisciplined militia, hastily levied for this campaign. With great unwisdom the commander divided his army, sending out detachments to burn the several Indian towns and destroy the stores of corn. Upon one of these detachments the savages suddenly fell on October 21; the militiamen promptly fled, deserting the few regu-

lars, who fought stubbornly until they were overcome by superior numbers. The army now began a retreat to Fort Washington, but Harmar, hoping to retrieve the defeat already suffered, halted at the Shawnee town of Chillicothe and sent back a force of 400 regulars and militia to deal another blow at the savages. Again the militia behaved disgracefully, while the regulars fought desperately until they were cut to pieces by the swarming red men. The main army now resumed its retreat to Fort Washington, where it arrived November 3. Although it had suffered no crushing disaster, and had inflicted considerable loss upon the Indians, it had totally failed to realize its objective of breaking their power. As a consequence, Harmar, the highest officer in the American army, was deprived of his command, and Arthur St. Clair, the governor, was appointed in his place.

Although the Indians had triumphed, the more farsighted among them did not fail to realize the strength of the foe, and their own inability, unaided, to cope with it. Immediately after the victory Blue Jacket, the noted Shawnee chieftain, repaired to Detroit to confer with Major Smith, the British commandant. Recounting the alliance between the British and the Indians throughout the Revolution, and the present peril of the latter, the red leader appealed to the white for his active support in the present struggle. Without such aid, the Indians would be forced to abandon their homes and withdraw beyond the Mississippi. "Protect the barter between the white and red people," he urged, "and forsake not the trade that links us together in amity and interest." The commandant, replying, expressed utmost sympathy for the Indians, and commended them for defending their country. On the vital issue of their right

to the country, however, he spoke cryptically enough. "Ye are the best judges of the rights by which you hold your lands," he declared. "Your country, you say, has not been given away. [He was quite aware, of course, that so far as Great Britain could effect this, it had been.] You cannot then be blamable in being unanimous to defend it." Although he expressed the hope that a reconciliation with the Americans might be effected, it is obvious that his attitude could not fail to encourage the Indians to persist in their opposition.

Their determination was manifested by the prompt renewal of their marauding expeditions. Early in January, 1791, they raided the New England settlements near Marietta, killing a dozen persons and carrying several away as captives. Throughout the winter such raids as this were continued. Meanwhile, the American government prepared for a second campaign, and President Washington obtained authority from Congress to raise an army of 3,000 men, to be placed under St. Clair's command. While this army was being organized, bodies of rangers were employed to defend as best they might the sadly harassed frontier. In addition, two bands of mounted Kentuckians, each numbering several hundred men, conducted successful raids into the Indian country. Each succeeded in harrying a number of villages, with almost no loss to the invaders.

The new army of St. Clair was at length embodied, and early in October, 1791, the northward march from Fort Washington was begun. The story of the expedition is one of the saddest in American military annals. Instead of 3,000 men, but 2,000 had been assembled, and the equipment of the army and the character of the men were alike

deplorable. St. Clair's instructions required him to establish a permanent fort at the Miami village, where Harmar had met defeat, to be connected with Fort Washington by supporting fortifications at convenient intervals along the line of march. Stumbling northward through the wilderness, cutting a road as it slowly advanced, the army encamped on the afternoon of November 3 on a branch of the Wabash near the middle point of the western boundary of Ohio. Here, at early dawn, it was fiercely assailed by the Indians, and after enduring three hours of hopeless fighting and slaughter, the survivors broke through the encircling line of warriors and fled southward in wild retreat. Of the 1,400 men who entered the battle in the morning, over 900 were killed, wounded, or missing. The mouths of the mutilated dead the triumphant warriors crammed with the soil they had set forth to conquer, by way of contemptuous comment on the futility of their effort.

The destruction of St. Clair's army was a terrible blow to the new American government. A storm of public execration descended upon the devoted head of St. Clair, but a court of inquiry upon his conduct of the campaign cleared him of responsibility for the disaster. In other words, it rested upon the shoulders of the American public, which has ever displayed an extreme distaste for making adequate preparation for war, along with a like readiness for engaging in it. Both government and public opinion were now aroused to the necessity of preparing in earnest for the next campaign. To direct the new army, Washington selected Anthony Wayne, who had won a brilliant reputation in the Revolûtion and since then had conducted a successful campaign against the Creek Indians of the Southwest.

Two years were devoted by Wayne to the task of organ-

izing and drilling his army, until he had fashioned it into an instrument fit for its intended use. Meanwhile, in 1791, the province of Upper Canada had been created and John G. Simcoe, a British officer in the Revolution, had been appointed its governor. Simcoe was a man of vast self-assurance and some actual capacity, who believed his government expected an early renewal of war with the United States. Believing, also, that Detroit was the real objective of the new American army, and that a successful defense of it could be made only on the Maumee, he proceeded to establish at the Maumee Rapids, a few miles above the present city of Toledo, a new fort to serve as an outpost for the defense of Detroit against Wayne's army. Incidentally, of course, it also served to convince the savages that they would have the active support of the British in their hour of need.

The advance of Wayne's army was wary and deliberate. In the spring of 1793 he moved down the Ohio from Pittsburgh to the vicinity of Fort Washington, and called upon the Kentuckians to come to his assistance. Months of further drilling followed, and in the autumn he established his camp at Greenville, eighty miles north of Cincinnati. From this point a detachment was sent forward to erect a post on the site of St. Clair's defeat, to which the significant name of Fort Recovery was given. Drilling went on throughout the winter, the dulness of army life being enlivened occasionally by an Indian attack upon one of the posts or convoys. With the coming of spring the warriors assumed the initiative, and on June 30 a fierce and determined assault was made upon Fort Recovery. The Chippewa and other tribes from the Upper Lakes had responded to the call of their southern brethren for aid, and

among the 2,000 warriors who for two days assailed Fort Recovery were many from the vicinity of Mackinac. Defeated in the assault, these lake warriors, with characteristic Indian inconstancy, returned to their distant homes, to the intense disgust of the Shawnee and other southern tribes. Wayne's army, on the other hand, was augmented about the same time by the arrival of General Scott with 1,600 Kentucky mounted volunteers. Having made demonstrations to right and left to confuse the enemy, Wayne now advanced by a devious route to the junction of the Glaize and Maumee rivers, in the heart of the hostile country. Here he had hoped to strike a telling blow, but timely information of his movements, brought by a deserter, enabled the Indians to flee before his arrival. He was forced to content himself, therefore, with ravaging their villages and cornfields, the latter more extensive, he reports, than he had ever seen before. At this point he built another fort, which he grimly named Defiance.

While these operations were going on, a last futile effort was made to negotiate with the savages. The advance from Fort Defiance down the Maumee was begun on August 15, and three days later the army found itself within striking distance of the enemy. The savages had elected to defend a place known as Fallen Timbers, where a recent tornado had thickly strewn the ground with tree trunks. This afforded an ideal covert for their mode of warfare, and protection from the cavalry, whose charges inspired them with peculiar dread. Behind this shelter on the morning of August 20 some two thousand warriors lay concealed, awaiting Wayne's onset. It was not long in coming. At eight o'clock the army advanced in columns in open order, with front, flanks, and rear protected by detachments of Ken-

tucky mounted militia. Moving in this order, the mounted battalion in advance encountered the first line of savages, drawing from them a heavy fire. The horsemen retired upon the main body, which Wayne swiftly deployed for action. The infantry, drawn up in two lines, moved forward in a bayonet charge, while the cavalry was dispatched by a circuitous path to gain the rear of the savages. So quickly was their resistance broken by the onset of the infantry that the mounted troops were unable to gain the positions assigned them in time to completely carry out Wayne's program. The months of patient preparation and wearisome drilling were now rewarded with a complete and speedy victory. The beaten savages and their Canadian allies scattered in flight, the Americans pursuing them to the very walls of the British fort, whose gates, to their dismay, did not open to extend them asylum.

The battle over, three days were spent by the victors in ravaging the surrounding fields and villages. The homes and stores of the British traders and agents shared the fate of the Indian villages. A week after the battle, the army withdrew to Fort Defiance, laying waste the villages and cornfields of the savages to a distance of many miles on either side of the Maumee. From Fort Defiance the advance was resumed to Miamitown at the junction of the St. Mary's and the St. Joseph, the goal since 1790 of the American armies. Here some weeks were spent in destroying the surrounding villages and cornfields, and in building a fort, to which the name of the conqueror was attached. Late in October, leaving a garrison at Fort Wayne, the main army retired to Greenville, where it went into winter quarters. The winter passed away with the members of the shattered Indian confederacy endeavoring to determine

their further course of action. Some were for continuing the war, but the majority recognized the hopelessness of further resistance, and in February, 1795, Wayne entered into a preliminary agreement with representatives of a number of the tribes for the negotiation of a permanent peace on the basis of the terms of the treaty of Fort Harmar of 1789.

Throughout the early summer the tawny diplomats straggled slowly in to Greenville, the place appointed for the council. The council fire was kindled on June 16, and on August 10 the treaty was concluded. By its terms the savages yielded to the Americans the region north of the Ohio bounded by a line drawn from the mouth of Kentucky River northward to Fort Recovery; thence in an easterly direction to the Muskingum, and along this river and the Cuyahoga to Lake Erie. In addition, various reservations were made to the Americans, most of them for the establishment of forts, and the free passage of the rivers and portages connecting the proposed chain of forts was guaranteed. For the rest, two general principles of exceeding importance to the future history of the Northwest were laid down. Subject to certain exceptions, the Indian ownership of all the Northwest, outside the boundary line agreed upon in the treaty, was specifically recognized. These lands the owners were to retain unmolested as long as they might choose to do so; but it was further conceded that the Indians were under the protection of the United States, and that if they ever decided to part with their lands they would sell them only to the United States. The American government had won the war, but it conceded much to the Indians in recognizing them as owners of all the Northwest except the comparatively limited portion which had forci-

bly been wrested from them. This new policy toward the Indians, conceived early in Washington's administration and finding its first application in the Greenville treaty of 1795, became the fruitful parent of the long series of treaties of later years, whereby bit by bit the Indian title to the land of the Old Northwest was alienated to the United States.

Hand in hand with the conquest of the natives, went the settlement of the long dispute with Great Britain over the retention of the western military posts. The political deluge precipitated by the French Revolution was now raging, and the new American government was at length affording to the world evidences of increasing strength and prosperity. Great Britain was about to plunge into the vortex of the continental revolutionary wars, and under the circumstances the ministry promptly concluded to bring its dispute with America to a peaceful termination. In the spring of 1794 Washington sent John Jay to England, with authority to negotiate a settlement of the several controversies at issue between the two nations. While Wayne was fighting the savages in the Northwest, Jay was negotiating with their "Father" in London, and in November a treaty was concluded. Of its many provisions, we are here interested in but one, which stipulated that the British should evacuate the western posts by June 1, 1796. As the appointed time drew near, the Americans found themselves less ready to receive, than the British were to make, the transfer. Detroit was occupied on July 11, and Mackinac in October. The conquest of the Northwest, initiated by Clark in 1778, was at length achieved.

It remains to take note of the provision of the Treaty of Greenville which gives title to our chapter. Included among

the highways whose possession and enjoyment Wayne was solicitous to secure was that from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi by way of Chicago and the Illinois River. To insure its peaceful enjoyment, the conqueror exacted the cession to the United States of a tract of land six miles square at the mouth of Chicago River, on which to erect a fort. From every point of view, this is the most momentous real estate transaction in the history of Chicago. It embraced an area which today the fabled wealth of the Indies would scarcely suffice to purchase, and it directly prepared the way for the subsequent founding of Fort Dearborn. Although the tract was never formally surveyed, its approximate boundaries are easily indicated. From Fullerton Avenue on the north to Thirty-first Street on the south, and from the lake westward to Forty-eighth Avenue; such were the dimensions of Mad Anthony's purchase, extorted by the bayonets of his soldiers at Fallen Timbers on August 20, 1794, and formally ratified in the Treaty of Greenville the following year. The builders of the modern city have provided memorials to most of our presidents, and to scores of individuals of lesser station and merit, by naming streets, parks, and public buildings in their honor. Clark, who began the conquest of the Northwest, has been thus honored since the laying-out of the original town plat in 1830. Wayne, who in a manner no less brilliant completed the task, giving assurance for all time to come that the region which is now the industrial and political heart of the nation should belong to it instead of to Canada, remains unhonored by Chicago.

From still another point of view are we interested in the campaigns by which the Northwest was won, for many of the men concerned in them figured subsequently in the up-

building of infant Chicago. Thus Colonel Hamtramck, who in 1803 directed the initial measures for the founding of Fort Dearborn, commanded the left wing of Wayne's army at Fallen Timbers. Captain Whistler, who built, and for seven years commanded, Fort Dearborn, served in the campaigns of St. Clair and Wayne, and in the former's disastrous defeat was numbered among the wounded. John Kinzie, who figures prominently in early Chicago's story, was one of the British traders who fled before Harmar's advancing army at Miamitown in 1790; and the first husband of his wife, Eleanor Kinzie, was slain by Wayne's army while fighting in the Indian ranks at Fallen Timbers. William Henry Harrison, who for several years, as governor of Indiana Territory, was Chicago's chief executive, and whose name is borne by one of the city's prominent streets, was a youthful lieutenant and the General's favorite aide throughout Wayne's entire campaign in the Northwest.

CHAPTER V

FORT DEARBORN AND ITS BUILDER

The Treaty of Greenville endured until the conditions which called it forth had passed away. By removing the Indian menace, Wayne had made possible the rapid settlement of the region northwest of the Ohio. During the next few years a veritable flood of immigration poured into this region, the portion nearest at hand being, as was natural, the first occupied. Within five years of the Treaty of Greenville, this portion of the territory was ready for statehood. In 1800, therefore, Congress made provision for the division of the Northwest Territory into two parts, and three years later the eastern section became the state of Ohio. The remaining portion of the Northwest was organized as Indiana Territory, with William Henry Harrison as governor. Meanwhile, the place which is now Chicago had undergone several vicissitudes of county organization. This story begins with the Act of Virginia in 1778 creating the county of Illinois, with boundaries which embraced the entire Northwest. There is no record, however, that this organization ever exercised any actual authority at Chicago. In 1791 the British province of Upper Canada was created, and the following year Governor Simcoe, by proclamation, erected Kent County, whose boundaries embraced all of British North America extending west of the Detroit River and north of the United States. Since England was *de facto* ruling most of the Northwest, it follows that until the summer of 1796 Chicago was within the

jurisdiction of Kent County. Nor was this a mere paper rule, for since 1789 a capable British court had been functioning at Sandwich, and while its principal business was with the Detroit River settlements, a prime purpose of its organization had been to give it civil and criminal jurisdiction over the subjects of Great Britain to the uttermost bounds of the fur trade. In 1794 the judicial system of Upper Canada was reorganized, the court at Sandwich was abolished, and for the next two years Chicagoans who might have legal suits to wage must journey to distant Niagara, then the capital of the province.

All this was ended, of course, with the establishment of American authority over the Northwest in 1796. On August 15 of this year, Winthrop Sargent, secretary of the Northwest Territory, proclaimed the organization of Wayne County, with Detroit as the county seat. In addition to almost all of Michigan, it embraced large portions of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Wisconsin; and within its limits were the present-day cities of Cleveland, Toledo, Fort Wayne, Detroit, Milwaukee, and Chicago. Upon the formation of Indiana Territory in 1800, Wayne County was shorn of its western half, but by proclamation of January 14, 1803, most of this was again restored, and until January, 1805, Chicago continued to belong to Wayne County, Indiana Territory, with Detroit as its county seat. Thus we have the explanation of the preservation in the Wayne County Building at Detroit of such legal records as Point Sable's bill of sale of his Chicago property in 1800. Thus, too, we understand how it came about that when Chicago's first wedding was solemnized in November, 1804, the ceremony was performed by Justice Kinzie, who held his commission from Governor Harrison of Indiana.

The necessity of a military post at Chicago, foreseen by General Wayne in 1795, became increasingly evident as the years passed. A factor of great importance in this connection was the dominance which the British merchants retained over the Indian trade of the Northwest. The surrender of the posts in 1796 had not broken the grip of the British traders on the natives, and a garrison to the west of Lake Michigan was needed to uphold the authority of the United States in this region.

Rumors of a purpose to establish a post at Chicago preceded by several years its actual consummation. In the winter of 1797–98 William Burnett, a trader at St. Joseph, informed the Montreal house from which he obtained his supplies of the expectation that a garrison would be established at Chicago the following summer. What the source of Burnett's information may have been does not appear, but he evidently regarded it as reliable, for in August, 1798, he wrote that he now had reason to expect the garrison would arrive in the fall. The trader's interest in the matter was due to the fact that, having already a house at Chicago, and "a promise of assistance from headquarters," he would have occasion for "a good deal of liquors," and some other articles, for the new post. Thus rum attended the birth, and, as we shall presently see, figured prominently in the downfall, of old Fort Dearborn.

Though five years were yet to elapse before the project materialized, Burnett's reports are of some importance as showing that among those most interested it had long been regarded as a probability of the near future. Early in 1803 the matter was at last determined. On March 9 the secretary of war wrote to Colonel Hamtramck, commandant at Detroit, directing that an officer and six men be sent to make a preliminary investigation of the situation at Chi-

cago, and of the route thither from Detroit. The party was to proceed by land to the mouth of the St. Joseph, marking a trail and noting suitable camp sites for the company of soldiers which was to follow. Inquiry was to be made concerning the supplies of provisions which the St. Joseph traders could furnish, and a site was to be selected at St. Joseph for the temporary encampment of the company until preparations could be made for its reception at "Chickago." If the overland route should be found to be practicable for a company with pack horses for carrying provisions and light baggage, Colonel Hamtramck was to dispatch it, under the command of a "discreet, judicious captain", and to send by vessel around the lakes the tools and other equipment necessary for the erection and maintenance of a strong post at Chicago, together with two light fieldpieces and the necessary supply of ammunition.

Six weeks later the appointment of Captain John Whistler as commander of the new post had been made, and he soon departed with six soldiers to survey the overland route. Almost at the same time Colonel Hamtramck died, and the command of Detroit devolved upon Major Zebulon Pike of the First Infantry, whose son, Zebulon Montgomery Pike, was to achieve fame both as a soldier and as an explorer. Whether the choice of Captain Whistler to command the new post was made by Hamtramck or by Pike is a matter of some uncertainty. The rôle he was to play in the upbuilding of early Chicago is more important than that of any other person, and more than any other he deserves the title of "father" of the modern city. Because of these facts, some survey of his career is in order.

The Whistler family is one of great antiquity in England, and of some little renown, a goodly proportion of its male

members finding careers in either the church or the army. The shield of Gabriel Whistler is one of six in King's College Chapel at Cambridge. Daniel Whistler was an original fellow of the Royal Society, a friend of the immortal diarist, Samuel Pepys, and president of the College of Physicians in the time of Charles II. The careers of other members of the Whistler line in England might be cited, but we pause merely to note the fact that Ralph Whistler migrated to Ulster and thereby became the progenitor of the branch of the family in Ireland.

Here John Whistler was born in 1758, and grew to manhood in his native Ireland. He early enlisted in the army and was sent across the ocean to aid in subduing the rebellious subjects of the King in this quarter of the Empire. The enterprise ended for Whistler when at Saratoga in October, 1777, General Burgoyne surrendered his entire army, Whistler included, to the victorious Americans.

In surrendering, Burgoyne had bargained for the parole and return to England of his troops. This "convention," as it was delicately termed, Congress refused to observe, and the prisoners were subjected to a long confinement in America, many of them being sent to Virginia for this purpose. Being carelessly guarded by the colonists, their numbers steadily dwindled, the elopers preferring to start life anew in America to their present imprisonment and the prospect of ultimately being carried back to the Old World. As for John Whistler, we know that in some way or other he was returned to England, where before long he fell in love with the daughter of Sir Edward Bishop. Her parents objected to the match, however, as parents have a way of doing, and the young couple settled the issue for themselves by eloping and coming to America. We have no rec-

ord of the date of this madcap migration, but it must have occurred soon after Whistler's return to England, for William, the eldest child of the couple, is said to have been born in Maryland in 1780. To Maryland, at any rate, the elopers found their way, and Hagerstown became for several years their place of residence.

Their stay here terminated in 1791 when the former soldier under Burgoyne enlisted as an officer in St. Clair's new army. His wounding at St. Clair's defeat and his subsequent service under Wayne have already been noted. He was appointed an ensign in the First United States Infantry in April, 1792, and with this notable regiment his subsequent military career is identified. With the occupation of Detroit in 1796, he may be said to have become a Detroiter, for although his army service entailed prolonged absences, the connection he established in Detroit proved more enduring than any elsewhere. Here his elder children grew up, and here several of them married. Hither he returned after his sojourns at Fort Wayne and Chicago, and, despite his many absences, Detroit for twenty years following 1796 may fairly be regarded as his home.

The opportune cackling of a flock of geese on a certain notable occasion is said to have saved Rome from destruction. How nearly the existence of a petty debt deprived the city of Chicago of its founder is disclosed by a series of letters in the Detroit Public Library. For whatever his other merits may have been, it must be conceded that Whistler was but a poor financier. Perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say that his financial outlook was hopeless. With a salary, even as captain, of but forty dollars a month, he had a family of fifteen children to maintain. To make matters worse, the visits of the government pay-

master were highly irregular. On one occasion the warrior writes to a creditor that he has received no pay in a period of more than two years. "I hope you will not think I complain against my government for detaining my pay," he adds. "*No*, but necessity forces me to make the real statement to satisfy my creditor."

It need occasion no surprise, therefore, that Whistler was chronically in debt, and it is distinctly to his credit that even in the act of pressing for payment his creditors frequently paused to express confidence in his honesty, and sympathy for his lot. While stationed at Fort Wayne, two or three years before his Chicago assignment, he had become indebted to one George Roch, to whom he had given two notes. Roch died and Matthew Huston, as executor of his estate, committed the account to Solomon Sibley of Detroit for collection, instructing him to sue Whistler, if necessary, to insure payment. Sibley was about to leave Detroit for a considerable time, and on May 16, 1803, he addressed a polite yet urgent letter to Whistler saying he had heard the latter was to be ordered to Chicago, and that he must either pay the Huston obligation or give satisfactory security for it before leaving Detroit. At the same time Sibley left a memorandum of instructions to James Henry concerning various items of business the latter was to attend to for him. Among them was the Huston claim, for which Henry was to tell Whistler the latter must give security before departing for Chicago; if he should neglect doing so, Henry must speak to Mr. Audrain, the prothonotary, for a capias and arrest him.

How Whistler and the Chicago-about-to-be escaped this peril we are not informed; quite possibly he gave the desired security, for it is a matter of history that he proceeded

on his way to Chicago in the early summer of 1803, and letters in the Detroit Public Library written by the commander of Fort Dearborn to Sibley disclose that not until two years later was the last of the Huston claim discharged.

Captain Whistler's inspection of the overland route to Chicago evidently proved satisfactory, for at half-past five o'clock on the morning of July 14, 1803, the troops set out from Detroit, under the command of Lieutenant James Strode Swearingen of the artillery, then a youth of twenty-one. He had volunteered to conduct the soldiers to Chicago while Whistler, who was burdened with the care of a large family, accompanied the latter on the voyage around the lakes. With him was his son, Lieutenant William Whistler, and the latter's young wife, Mary Julia Fearson, of Detroit. Today, such a voyage would be deemed an undertaking of much hardship and danger, for the "Tracy," in which they sailed, was but a tiny vessel of a few tons' burden, which was discharging almost its final mission for the government.

We have the journal which Swearingen kept of his overland march, containing observations on the country, the camping-places and the water courses. The daily marches varied greatly in length. Sometimes the start was made before five in the morning and the march ended by two in the afternoon; at other times bad weather or other obstacles necessitated a late start and a march of but a few miles. The route followed was that of the ancient Sauk Trail from Detroit to the head of Lake Michigan. A generation later, it became known to the early settlers as the "Chicago Road," a name which was blotted from local memory only by the advent of the automobile in the opening decade of the present century.

On July 25 we find Swearingen at "Kinzie's improvement" on the St. Joseph. The site today is the sleepy neighborhood of Bertrand, about three miles south of Niles, where anciently the Detroit-Chicago and Fort Wayne–Chicago trails joined. Here the party rested for a day, while boats were being procured from the traders. On July 27 the expedition proceeded down the river, the baggage and seventeen of the men in the boats, the remainder of the company following along by land. From July 28 to August 12, the troops were encamped at the mouth of the St. Joseph, awaiting the arrival of Captain Whistler and the "Tracy." Swearingen estimated the distance from Detroit to the mouth of the St. Joseph at 272 miles. By the modern highway it is barely 200, but the soldiers had followed the tortuous Indian trail, and then the meandering St. Joseph. From the St. Joseph around the lake shore to Chicago was a march of three days. Swearingen estimated the distance at 90 miles, and in this he was not far astray. The rapidity of the march, averaging thirty miles a day, is explained by the fact that the baggage continued to be transported in the boats procured at St. Joseph.

While the land detachment was thus marching across the wilderness of southern Michigan and northern Indiana, the "Tracy" was conveying the artillery and the heavy baggage around the Lakes. A short stop was made at the St. Joseph, where the troops were supplied with provisions. Here the Whistlers, father and son, disembarked, and continued their journey to Chicago in one of the small boats which attended the soldiers. There are several accounts, each of them more or less fragmentary, of what happened upon the arrival of the troops at Chicago. Of them, Swearingen's journal is easily the most authoritative, but unfor-

tunately it confines itself largely to describing physical conditions. The other reports help out the story by the addition of various details. The troops reached the Chicago River at two o'clock in the afternoon of August 17, thirty-five days out from Detroit. They found the river a sluggish stream, thirty yards in width at the bend where the fort was to be constructed. The site inclosed within the stockade is today partly within the river (which has been widened by army engineers) and partly occupied by the Michigan Boulevard Bridge. Although the river was eighteen feet in depth, a sandbar at its mouth rendered the water dead and unfit for use. The existence of the bar made it possible for the troops to cross the river "dry shod" and encamp on the north side a short distance above its mouth. At the point where the fort was to be built the river bank was eight feet high. The opposite bank was somewhat lower, while farther up stream both banks were very low.

Swearingen's journal says nothing of the Indians, but in an old-age sketch of his life, written sixty years later, he records that the troops were greeted on their arrival by many natives, all of whom were friendly. The wife of Lieutenant Whistler, who came to the site of the future metropolis a matron of fifteen summers, in old age related that two thousand natives gathered to see the "big canoe with wings." Many of them, doubtless, had encountered Captain Whistler on earlier occasions, either at Fort Wayne or at Detroit, and to most of the rest he must have been known by general reputation.

Since there was no harbor at Chicago to shelter the "Tracy," and gales might be expected at any time, the vessel must have been quickly unloaded and set free for its return voyage to Detroit. This task aside, the Captain's

first care was the construction of the stockade and a shelter for the troops. Mrs. Whistler's narrative relates that there were no horses or oxen at hand, so that the men were compelled to perform the work of dragging the timbers to their required positions. It seems likely, however, that there were some animals available. The original order for the establishment of the fort contemplated the use of pack horses to accompany the soldiers on their overland march, and Whistler, writing to Colonel Kingsbury in July, 1804, complains of a scarcity of corn for the public oxen in a way which seems to indicate that he had had these animals from the beginning. Both at St. Joseph and at Milwaukee traders had been living for many years, and the live stock sold by Point Sable at Chicago in 1800 sufficiently discloses that both horses and cattle might readily have been procured from them. Undoubtedly both toil and privation accompanied the building of Fort Dearborn, but the government was not wholly destitute of means, and it would be inaccurate to draw too dark a picture of the situation.

One source of real annoyance was the begging and petty thievery of the natives. The Illinois Indians had an ancient reputation as expert thieves, and one early chronicler asserts that one must watch not only their hands but their feet as well if his belongings were not to vanish before his eyes. When the second Fort Dearborn was built in 1816, begging and stealing by the Indians proved such an intolerable nuisance that if we may credit the assertion of Moses Morgan, who assisted in its construction, more men were required to mount guard by day to keep the squaws and children away than at night.

Living at Milwaukee in 1803 was a British trader, Thomas G. Anderson, who in old age prepared a long and

vainglorious narrative of his life in the West. Although Milwaukee is one hundred miles from Chicago, he relates that on learning of the arrival of the garrison there, he mounted his horse and went to pay a neighborly call. He found Captain Whistler's family quartered in one of the wretched log cabins belonging to the traders, while his officers and men were living under canvas. The writer relates a melodramatic tale of a dinner with Captain Whistler which was rudely interrupted by a band of painted warriors; undisturbed by the shrieking of the women, they calmly appropriated the bread on the table and divided it among themselves. The garrulous narrator, of course, pictures himself as the hero of the occasion, berating the warriors for their conduct and averting thereby a massacre of the garrison. The veteran of the campaigns of St. Clair and Wayne, and of ten years of army life on the frontier besides, does not readily lend himself to the canvas Anderson has drawn for him.

The work of construction progressed but slowly. Soon after their arrival the troops suffered much from bilious fevers. These abated with the coming of cold weather, but December found the soldiers still sheltered in small, temporary huts, and the fort "not much advanced." Fortunately, the autumn weather persisted long. On December 9 Surgeon William Smith wrote to his friend, James May, of Detroit, that there was neither snow nor ice at Chicago (one may contrast this with the condition encountered by Marquette at the same season of the year in 1673), there had been but little rain or frost, and the season had been "remarkably fine."

With the fort "not much advanced" in early December, prospects were not unduly bright for a comfortable winter,

although one may be sure Captain Whistler did whatever was possible to prepare for it. The work of construction was seriously impeded, however, by the lack of necessary tools, and even the supplies of provisions and clothing for the men were inadequate. In July, 1804, a year after the arrival of the garrison, Colonel Kingsbury learned from Major Pike and Dr. Smith that Whistler's men were almost destitute of clothing. That the destitution extended to other things as well is shown by his letter to Whistler informing the latter that he had ordered clothing, kettles, stationery, a whipsaw, and other things to be sent to Chicago by the "Adams," which since her outfitting in 1803 had constituted Commodore Brevoort's "navy of the lakes." At the same time, Kingsbury congratulated Whistler upon having accomplished so much with his meager resources, with "no clothing for the men" and without the tools needed for the work.

That the fort was not yet completed is evident from numerous entries in the account-book of Trader John Kinzie, who followed the garrison to Chicago in the summer of 1804. Repeatedly it enters the names of men who are designated as sawyers. Two weeks after Kingsbury's letter informing Whistler of the shipment of supplies, the latter writes that they have been received. But the whipsaw can be of little use without files, for oak is the only saw-lumber available at Chicago. There is clothing for the sergeants, but no invoice of it has been sent, and until this arrives the clothing cannot be used. (We perceive that red tape in the army is a thing of no recent origin.) Fifty-six suits of clothing have been received, the captain continues, but he has sixty-six men to supply. There are two fifers, but the only fife has been lost. There has been no corn for the public

oxen all summer, and none can be procured at Chicago. All these things may be forwarded by Kinzie, who will be coming from Detroit in about a month.

Eventually, however, Captain Whistler accomplished his task and Fort Dearborn stood completed. In 1809 William Johnston traveled from Fort Wayne to Chicago, and kept a journal of his pilgrimage. He reports Fort Dearborn to be "the neatest and best wooden garrison in the country," and observes that this fact reflects "great honor to Captain John Whistler, who planned and built it." He also notes that Whistler had under him, at this time, most of the soldiers who had come with him to Chicago six years earlier. Although their terms of service had expired in the interval, they had all re-enlisted—a sure indication that Whistler was a good officer.

The year before Johnston thus recorded his observations, Captain Whistler had prepared for transmission to the secretary of war a detailed drawing of the fort and its surroundings. Two decades since, the present writer unearthed the ancient drawing—faded and torn and decrepit —in the files of the War Department, and with the permistion of the chief of the Bureau, carried it to Photographer Handy on the Potomac Flats to be photographed. The information which, more recently, made possible the reconstruction of the fort on the grounds of the Centennial Exposition was directly owing to the publicity given to the writer's discovery of two decades ago. To Captain Whistler, then, we owe not merely the building of the original Fort Dearborn, but also the preservation of a detailed drawing which principally supplies our present-day knowledge of what the Chicago of 1803–12 was like.

Whistler's drawing is accompanied by a brief verbal de-

scription, and both documents are suplemented by the old-age recollections of Dr. John Cooper, surgeon at Fort Dearborn from 1808 to 1811. The river at that time turned sharply southward about one-eighth of a mile from the lake. The fort was built on a slight elevation close in the bend of the river, which enveloped it on its northern and eastern, and to some extent on its western sides. Within the stockade, the barracks and other structures for the accommodation of the garrison were built around the four sides of a quadrangle, facing inward toward the center, which was occupied by the flagstaff and a small parade ground. Two blockhouses stood at the northwestern and southeastern corners of the quadrangle, and the whole was inclosed within a double line of palisades, so arranged that the blockhouses commanded not only the space without the four walls, but also that inclosed between the two rows of palisades. The main gateway was in the middle of the south side of the inclosure—roughly speaking, it may be said to have looked southward down the future Michigan Boulevard. From the northwest corner of the stockade to the river was a distance of eighty feet. Here a covered passageway led to the river, to insure a supply of water in time of siege.

The barracks for officers and men were two stories high, with shingled roofs and covered galleries, and occupied the middle of each side of the inclosure. The commandant's quarters stood on the east side, and directly opposite were those of the subordinate officers. The main gateway on the south side was flanked on either side by the barracks for the common soldiers. The building opposite was in part devoted to barracks for the private soldiers, and in part to a storehouse for the supplies of the army contractor. Be-

tween these buildings and the northwestern blockhouse stood the magazine, a small structure made of brick. This alone defied the fire when the fort was burned by the savages in 1812. A small house near the northeast corner of the inclosure, and another diagonally opposite, completed the list of structures within the stockade.

To the south of the fort were the commanding officer's gardens in which, in Cooper's time, melons and other small fruits and vegetables were cultivated. Somewhat to the east, between the fort and the mouth of the river, were a smaller garden and an Indian graveyard.

A considerable number of houses and outbuildings dotted the landscape adjoining the fort, some of them the property of civilian residents, while others housed the government storekeeper, the interpreter, and other officers of the Indian Department. In the rear of the group of houses on the north side of the river, the area between the lake and the north branch was covered with timber. Another strip of timber, a mile long and two hundred yards wide, stretched southward from the forks, along the east side of the south branch. Along the inner margin of this woodland lay a meadow, which supplied the garrison with hay. On the south side of the main river, close to the forks, a field of eight or nine acres had been reduced to cultivation and made to serve as the company gardens and public cornfield.

It is evident from Whistler's description that he took careful measures to prepare the fort against the possibility of a successful attack. To the south and west, the ground was clear as far as the woodland mentioned, which lay at a distance of three-fourths of a mile from the fort. The east side was protected, of course, by the river and lake. To the

west and north, the ground had originally been covered with an undergrowth of prickly ash and other bushes, but this had been cleared away to a distance of one-fourth of a mile from the stockade. On the north side a heavy picket fence, four feet high and thick enough to afford an enemy protection against musketry fire from the fort, had been erected. This Whistler caused to be replaced by a common rail fence. Save for the houses on the north side, which were somewhat in the way, Whistler announced with satisfaction that the garrison was perfectly secure from an ambuscade or barrier.

For seven years Whistler ruled his little domain beside the placid Chicago, and reared his numerous family. Apparently he was destined to live out here the remainder of his army career, but within his little Eden discordant forces were developing, and the summer of 1810 saw the culmination of a serious garrison feud which terminated his Chicago career. Such quarrels were painfully common in frontier garrison circles, and discord between the military and the traders was frequently their activating cause. In 1804 John Kinzie, the erstwhile British trader on the Maumee, had removed from St. Joseph to Chicago, where he became the owner of the former establishment of Point Sable. Kinzie was an aggressive and successful Indian trader. The experience of more than two centuries testified that one could thrive in the Indian trade only by debauching the red men with firewater. To enforce the regulations designed by the government to prevent this traffic was the duty of the commandant. The army officer lives in an atmosphere of autocracy, and we do not mean to imply that in the quarrel between Kinzie and Whistler all merit rested with the latter; rather, we wish to show that under the given condi-

tions of the situation, the more conscientious the commandant might prove to be, the more inevitable was such a feud as the one in which Whistler became involved. Others were drawn within its circle, until all the officials of the garrison and of the Indian Department were arrayed on one side or the other. Sweeping charges were preferred against the army officers, but since all at Fort Dearborn were involved in the quarrel, it was not easy for the War Department to assemble a court to sit in judgment on them. It chose to settle the difficulty, therefore, by dispersing the Fort Dearborn officers far and wide, replacing them with others who were strangers to Chicago and to its existing factions.

In the summer of 1810, therefore, Captain Whistler was ordered back to Detroit; his son, Lieutenant William Whistler, to Fort Wayne; and his son-in-law, Lieutenant Hamilton, to Fort Bellefontaine. For Captain Whistler the removal from Chicago was a severe blow. He was advanced in years, and had a large family to support on the insignificant pay of an army captain. The drawbacks of life at Chicago were many and real, but he had become habituated to them, and could maintain his family there much more cheaply than at Detroit, which had an ancient and deserved reputation as an expensive place to live. One great compensation in the removal Whistler could not perceive at the time. Over Chicago was impending the awful massacre of August, 1812, when in a few moments' time the lives of half the soldiers, two-thirds of the children, and practically all the male adult civilians were blotted out. But for Whistler's removal in 1810, his numerous family would have shared in this disaster.

Before we take leave of the founder of Fort Dearborn,

it will be well to take note of his further career. The war came to Detroit as to Chicago, and although there was no massacre there, Whistler's trials were numerous and heavy. For several months in 1811–12 he was commandant of the post in the absence of General Hull in the East. Under Hull, he participated in the invasion of Canada in July, 1812, as did two, at least, of his sons. One of the latter, Lieutenant John Whistler, Jr., was severely wounded in the battle of Mongaugon on August 9; he survived his wounds, only to die of disease in the autumn of 1813. On August 16, 1812, General Hull surrendered Detroit and his entire army to General Brock. Thus it was the peculiar fate of Captain Whistler, who had been captured with Burgoyne's army at Saratoga in 1777, now to belong to the American army which Hull surrendered to the British. The Ohio militiamen in Hull's army were paroled by General Brock and permitted to return to their homes; the regulars were carried down to Montreal as captives. Although we have no definite information of Whistler's doings in this connection, it seems probable that he shared the fate of the captive regulars, while his family in Detroit endured the trials which befell the townsmen in the difficult years that followed.

How long Captain Whistler remained a captive, or what were his further activities during the war, we have not learned. About the close of the war he was again appointed to the command of Fort Wayne. The fort, first erected in 1794, had undergone the vicissitudes of decay and Indian siege, and was in dire need of rebuilding. This work was carried out under Whistler's régime as commandant. The builder of the first Fort Dearborn thus became the builder of the last Fort Wayne. His after-years were passed as

military storekeeper at Fort Bellefontaine, near St. Louis, and here he died on September 3, 1829.

No great prominence ever came to John Whistler in his lifetime, and although he was a faithful servant of his adopted country, fame and prosperity passed him by. But it was his fortune to become the founder of a notable family line, and the story of his descendants has its place in the history of Chicago.

We have already alluded to Chicago's first wedding in the autumn of 1804. The bride was Sarah, eldest daughter of Captain Whistler, who had accompanied her parents to Chicago in 1803. The years of her later girlhood had been passed at Detroit, where James Abbott, a rising young merchant, evidently formed certain conclusions concerning her. Now, he journeyed over the wilderness trail to Chicago, and here, in early November, in the rude and unfinished fort John Kinzie, justice of the peace of Indiana Territory, performed Chicago's first civilized marriage ceremony by pronouncing James Abbott and Sarah Whistler man and wife. By way of honeymoon, the young couple mounted their horses and rode back over the ancient trail three hundred miles to Detroit. Here they "lived happily ever afterward," in the enjoyment of wealth and of business and social prominence in the community. In the Detroit Public Library one may see the portraits in oil of Chicago's first bride and groom as they looked in the late fifties, when life's fitful journey was drawing to its close.

More colorful than the career of Sarah Whistler was that of her eldest brother, William, whose life-story, had he seen fit to record it, would have constituted a volume of rare interest. He received his commission in his father's company of the First Infantry in 1801, and on his retire-

ment in 1861 had served for over sixty years, a record which is probably unique in the annals of the United States Army. He accompanied his father to Chicago in 1803, and for seven years was an officer of the Fort Dearborn garrison. He served in the Detroit campaign of 1812, and was with Colonel Miller at the battle of Mongaugon, when the great Tecumseh was put to flight. He became a captive at the surrender of Detroit by General Hull, and no record of his further service in the War of 1812 has been found.

Like his father, William Whistler was a man of splendid physical appearance, six feet two inches in height and weighing, in mature life, over 250 pounds. In his earlier years he was a splendid athlete, and stories of certain of his physical feats have filtered down through the mists of a century and a quarter of time. For several decades he served, frequently as commandant, at the frontier military posts. For several years in the later twenties he commanded Fort Howard, at Green Bay. While here he bore an active part in suppressing the Winnebago rising of 1827, and in this connection received the surrender of Red Bird, the principal warrior implicated in the slaughter of the whites. Red Bird was a man of splendid physique whose intrepid conduct and noble bearing powerfully impressed the minds even of his white conquerors. The pageant of his surrender to Whistler still retains for the people of Wisconsin an irresistible fascination. It has been celebrated in story and drama, and an idealized painting of the scene adorns the governor's reception room of the state capitol at Madison. In 1845 Whistler became colonel of the Fourth United States Infantry, and one of the regimental lieutenants who gained his first experience of actual warfare under him

was a youth named Ulysses S. Grant. In after-life the famous general told many anecdotes concerning his former commander.

In May, 1802, Whistler married at Detroit a bride of fourteen years in the person of Mary Julia Fearson, daughter of a British lake captain. The marriage was solemnized by Rev. David Bacon, missionary to the Indians, who was then sojourning in Detroit. His son, Leonard Bacon, born here this same year, later acquired fame as a professor at Yale, as a leader of social reform, and as the most noted Congregational clergyman of his generation. At Chicago in the autumn of 1805, Mrs. Whistler became the mother of a son, named Meriwether Lewis, the first white male child born at Chicago of whom we have definite record. In 1875 the mother, now an aged woman, paid another visit to Chicago. The place she had first viewed as a virgin wilderness in August, 1803, was now a city of 400,000 souls, and of all the company that had taken part in its founding, she was the sole survivor. She died at her home in Newport, Kentucky, in 1878.

Another passenger on the "Tracy" on the tedious voyage of 1803 who demands our attention was Captain Whistler's small son, George Washington. He had been born at Fort Wayne in May, 1800, and when he came to Chicago was but three years of age. He returned with his parents to Detroit in 1810, and here, during the difficult years that followed, his later boyhood was passed. When scarcely fourteen he entered West Point, emerging with a commission of second lieutenant of artillery when barely nineteen. In 1833 he resigned his commission to devote himself to the then new calling of railroad engineer. He quickly achieved fame as a builder of railroads, and some years later was

chosen by the Czar of Russia to direct the construction of railroads in that country. He supervised the construction of the line from St. Petersburg to Moscow, and died untimely in 1849, while still engaged upon this work.

We have briefly sketched the careers of a few of Captain Whistler's children, but not until one scans the entire roll of his descendants does one gain an adequate impression of the debt America owes to the young immigrant of a century and a half ago. Chiefly, perhaps, they have figured in the army, but in numerous other walks of life they have achieved substantial, and at times distinguished, success. Through half a dozen generations the descendants of John Whistler and Ann Bishop have comprised one of the sturdiest family lines of which we have record in America.

Of the fifteen children born to them, several died in infancy or early childhood. Of those who grew to maturity, four sons entered the army and four daughters married army officers. The careers of two of the sons and one daughter have already been sketched. Catherine Whistler married Thomas Hamilton, a lieutenant in his father-in-law's regiment, and a junior officer of the garrison during Whistler's Fort Dearborn years. Eliza married Captain Daniel Curtis of the army. She was killed by lightning in Fort Howard at Green Bay in 1824. In the room with her at the time was her little daughter Irene; she lived to become the wife of General D. H. Rucker, quartermaster-general of the Union Army in the Civil War; and their daughter, also named Irene, became the wife of General Philip H. Sheridan. The son of General Sheridan, likewise a West-Pointer and an army officer, was thus a great-great-grandson of John Whistler. Ann, another daughter of John Whistler, married Major Marsh of the army. Caroline, Whistler's

youngest daughter, who was born in Detroit on Christmas Day, 1802, married in 1836 at the home of her sister, Mrs. James Abbott, William Wood of Sandwich. Their only child, James Whistler Wood, served successively as lieutenant, adjutant, and captain of his company in the Civil War, and on the staff of Major General James B. Steedman. Returning to the line of William, eldest son of John Whistler, one son, Colonel J. N. G. Whistler, was graduated from West Point in 1842, was several times breveted for gallant and distinguished conduct in various battles of the Mexican and Civil wars, was retired for age with the rank of colonel, and died at Fort Wadsworth, New York, in 1899. His son, G. W. Whistler, was graduated from the military academy and became a major of artillery—being a representative of the fourth successive generation of this family to serve as an officer in the United States Army. Another child of William Whistler who carried on the army tradition was his daughter, Caroline, who married Major William Bloodgood of the army. Their descendants are still prominent in Wisconsin and elsewhere; one son, Edward, was colonel of the Twenty-second Wisconsin Infantry in the Civil War and was twice breveted for gallant conduct. Of the descendants of George Washington Whistler, many of whom live in England, several have achieved distinction as artists, engineers, and physicians.

We return, in this connection, to the most notable of all John Whistler's posterity. George Washington Whistler was twice married, his second wife being a Miss McNeill of North Carolina. To them was born, in July, 1834, a child who was named for his uncle and his mother, James Abbott McNeill Whistler. In keeping with what had now become a Whistler tradition, he was destined for the army, and

after his mother's return from Russia was sent to a school in Connecticut, which should prepare him for West Point. He entered the Academy in 1857, where he evinced so little aptitude for a military career that he was dismissed three years later. He served for a time in the United States Coast Survey, but because he drew some caricatures on the margin of certain plates he was preparing, this connection, too, was severed. He now turned his attention seriously to art, and his later life was passed chiefly in England. At the time of his death in 1903, he was recognized as one of the foremost of living artists, and as one of the greatest etchers of all time. The story of his career may be read in numerous biographies and in almost any encyclopedia.

In the archives of the War Department the seeker may still see the sadly defaced drawing of old Fort Dearborn made with painstaking care by Captain Whistler in the summer of 1808. Could he, when laboring upon it, have had some prescient knowledge that the cunning hand of his future grandson would make the name of Whistler renowned throughout the world, it would have served to alleviate, perhaps, the long-drawn-out struggle to pay his debts and preserve his honor unspotted in the eyes of his fellow-men.

CHAPTER VI

TRADER KINZIE AND HIS NEIGHBORS

The presence of a garrison, and of the various employees of the Indian Department who were soon domiciled at Chicago, presented a mercantile opportunity which enterprising traders were not slow to improve. William Burnett, of St. Joseph, being already the owner of a house at Chicago, had planned to open a store here in 1798. In like fashion, Robert and James Abbott, of Detroit, in the spring of 1803 debated the question of opening a store at Chicago. Neither Burnett nor the Abbotts did so, but other traders were quickly on the ground. When the troops arrived in August, 1803, they found four log houses clustered along the north bank of the river. One of these was the former establishment of Point Sable, which had since passed into the possession of John Kinzie and was now vacant. The other three were occupied by Frenchmen of the habitant type, all of whom had Indian or half-breed wives.

Concerning two of these, Pierre Lemay and Louis Pettle, we have only meager knowledge. The evidence concerning Lemay is as contradictory as it is scanty. Dr. Cooper's old-age recollections picture him as a half-breed, with a Potawatomi wife. Equally obscure is our information concerning Pettle. Mrs. Whistler remembered him as a French Canadian with an Indian wife. The entries in John Kinzie's account-books show that he had some connection with the fur trade, and that he continued to live at Chicago until 1812. With Kinzie's last entry of his name, he vanishes

from our sight, swallowed up in the destruction which overtook Chicago in August, 1812. Was he one of the twelve Chicago militia who perished on the fatal fifteenth of August? Or, perchance, one of the three who prudently departed to Milwaukee in advance of this event? Or did his Indian affiliations suffice to carry him safely through the orgy of destruction and slaughter? No answer to these questions can be supplied; the fate of Pettle still remains a mystery.

Of Chicago's remaining white resident in 1803, Antoine Ouilmette, much is known. He himself claimed to have located here in 1790, and he was still living here over thirty-five years later. Mrs. Kinzie, in *Wau Bun*, describes him as an employee of John Kinzie, which was probably often the fact. But Ouilmette seems to have engaged over a considerable period in the business of transporting travelers (who were chiefly traders) across the Portage. In the dry season this might extend thirty miles, to the forks of the Illinois, or even to twice or thrice this distance. There was a well-beaten road from the lake to the forks, and oxen and vehicles were maintained at Chicago to haul the boats and goods of the traders over it. This business was engaged in by John Kinzie, among others, and seemingly, also, by Ouilmette. Moses Morgan, who helped construct the second Fort Dearborn, describes Ouilmette as having the appearance of a "medium-sized, half-starved Indian." In 1825 he was credited on Chicago's first assessment roll with taxable property valued at $400, and his name is found the following year on the first Chicago poll list. He was a Catholic, and one of the petitioners for the establishment of the first Catholic church in Chicago. The Chicago Treaty of 1833 awarded him $800 for losses sustained in the

massacre of 1812, and awards were also made to several of his children. More interesting, however, is the grant to his Indian wife and her children of two sections of land a few miles north of Chicago. Through this circumstance, the name of Ouilmette was subsequently given to one of the city's beautiful north-shore suburbs.

The fragmentary records now available leave us in some doubt concerning the status of the property which Point Sable had sold to Jean B. la Lime three years prior to the coming of the garrison to Chicago. The realty still remained, of course, but the house was unoccupied. An interesting letter written by the surgeon, Dr. William C. Smith, in December, 1803, discloses that La Lime was still (or again) a resident of Chicago. He and the Surgeon had "borrowed" Kinzie's house and fitted it up for their living quarters during the winter. Whether or not La Lime was engaged in trade at this time does not appear. He soon became the government interpreter, and he continued to serve in this capacity until his death at the hands of Kinzie in the spring of 1812.

The fame of John Kinzie has long since come to overshadow that of all the other Chicagoans of his time. His story is sufficiently interesting in itself to command our careful attention, and family spokesmen have not suffered it to lose anything in the process of retelling. His later career was clouded by business reverses and poverty, but he left a talented family to preserve and magnify his fame, and no history of early Chicago can now be written without devoting much space to his doings, both actual and reputed.

Kinzie's mother is supposed to have come to America during the Seven Years' War as the wife of William Hali-

burton, a chaplain in the British army. The husband having died, she married a Scotchman named John Mackenzie, who was a surgeon in the Sixtieth Regiment. Their son John, our present subject, was born at Quebec, December 27, 1763. Before long, the mother was again widowed and for a third time married, the new husband being William Forsyth, another Scotchman, who is said to have served under Wolfe at Quebec. The family subsequently settled in Detroit, where William Forsyth died almost thirty years later. For many years he kept an inn, and he became the owner of a large farm in Grosse Pointe. Five sons were born to Innkeeper Forsyth and his wife, all of whom, of course, were half-brothers of John Kinzie (in early manhood he shortened his natal name to the form Kenzie or Kinzie). Several of them achieved considerable prominence in the Northwest, some as British subjects, others as Americans.

Presumably Kinzie came to Detroit with his parents, and here grew to manhood. The Indian trade presented practically the only opening to an enterprising youth of Detroit in this period, and Kinzie embarked upon it in early manhood, and to it devoted practically his entire career. For several years his operations were in the Maumee country, and prior to 1789 he had a considerable establishment at Miamitown, where now is the city of Fort Wayne. In 1790 General Harmar visited the place, and Indian wigwams and British trading establishments were razed impartially. Kinzie now located at the mouth of the Auglaize (modern Defiance, Ohio), where he remained until 1794. He was, of course, a British subject during these years, living among a people at war with the United States. Unless he withdrew from the Glaize before the advance of General Wayne, his trading establishment must have again

been destroyed by the American army. In any event, Wayne's conquest involved his expulsion from the Maumee, and he found refuge and occupation for the time being at Detroit.

With the American occupation of Detroit in 1796, Kinzie began the process of evolution into an American citizen. About this time he established himself anew in the Indian trade, at ancient St. Joseph in southwestern Michigan. It was a delightful spot, and one of the earliest seats of French civilization in the western country. During the years of warfare from 1778 to 1795 the importance and population of St. Joseph had undergone a marked decline, but its strategic location made it still a favorable center for the conduct of the Indian trade. Here Kinzie lived for half a dozen years before coming to Chicago, and a small stream in the vicinity still bears his name.

Not the least interesting chapter in the history of early Chicago is the story of Kinzie's marital relations. The first of these illustrates admirably the adventurous character of life on the American border a century and a half ago. In the year 1771 Moredock McKenzie of Culpepper County, Virginia, migrated with his family to the New River Valley of western Virginia, locating in modern Giles County. In 1778 his family consisted of two sons and four daughters, the eldest about twenty years of age, the youngest an infant. On a morning in May, McKenzie, accompanied by his eldest son, set out in search of his horses. Soon after their departure, a lurking band of savages fell upon the home and within a few minutes' time slaughtered all of its inmates save a nurse girl, who escaped, and two daughters, Elizabeth and Margaret, who were borne away as captives. Elizabeth was eight, and Margaret ten years of age. The

captors were Shawnee from western Ohio. Here the two girls blossomed into womanhood, and in due time both were taken to wife by British traders, Margaret by John Kinzie, and Elizabeth by a man named Clark. Whether any priest or magistrate celebrated the marriage vows is a matter which has been much and needlessly disputed. Frontier marriages were frequently accomplished without such assistance, and there is no room for doubt that the union of the two couples constituted valid marriages. Three children had been born to the Kinzies, and two to the Clarks, when Wayne's conquest restored peace to the northwestern frontier. In some way Moredock McKenzie learned of the whereabouts of his long-lost children, and journeyed to Detroit to pay them a visit. When he returned to Virginia the wives and children of both Kinzie and Clark accompanied him, abandoning forever their husbands. Contradictory explanations of this procedure have been advanced by the descendants of Kinzie's rival families. In Virginia, Margaret Kinzie subsequently married Benjamin Hall, and Elizabeth Clark became the wife of Jonas Clybourn. In later years, two of Kinzie's three children, Elizabeth and James, rejoined their father at Chicago. Hither also came the Clybourns, to give their name to a prominent North Side street. Benjamin and Margaret Hall lived out their lives in Virginia, where they still have numerous descendants; some of their sons, however, migrated to Chicago; and in the early thirties these various family groups comprised a respectable portion of the population of the place.

The story of Eleanor Little, Kinzie's second wife, is no less interesting than that of Margaret McKenzie. Her father, John Little, was a Pennsylvanian of Scotch-Irish

descent, who about the year 1770 migrated from his ancestral home in Lancaster County to Plum Creek, a few miles east of Pittsburgh. At the opening of the Revolution he elected to remain loyal to the King. The struggle between the Tories, or Loyalists, and the Revolutionary faction in western Pennsylvania was acute, and as one consequence of it John Little sought refuge at Detroit from the vengeance of his "patriot" neighbors. His Tory activities had been important enough to arouse the particular ire of the patriot party, and when, in 1783, he returned to Pittsburgh to rejoin his family, he was thrown into prison and menaced with hanging. He succeeded in escaping, however, and once more made his way to Detroit; his family soon followed him thither, and Detroit henceforth was his permanent home.

About the year 1779 an Indian raiding party had descended upon his Plum Creek home and carried his wife and three of his children into captivity. The baby was soon disposed of by dashing out its brains against a convenient tree trunk, while the mother and the two remaining children were conveyed to the home of their Seneca captors in western New York. Eleanor, who was about nine years of age at this time, attracted the fancy of a chief, who if the family historian may be credited, was none other than the famous Cornplanter. By reason of his favor, her captivity proved relatively happy. Ultimately all three captives were released and all, about the year 1784, were reunited with the absent husband and father in Detroit. Here John Little obtained possession of a farm at Grosse Pointe, where he lived until his death in 1817. Margaret, Eleanor's younger sister, married William Forsyth, eldest son of Detroit's innkeeper and the half-brother

of John Kinzie. Eleanor at an early age became the wife of Daniel McKillip.

Like her father, McKillip had been an active Tory in the Revolution, serving as a sergeant in the notable corps which was known as Butler's Rangers. To provide for the troops disbanded at Detroit at the conclusion of hostilities, the British government set apart a tract of land extending eastward from the mouth of Detroit River for many miles along the north shore of Lake Erie. The tract was divided into 200-acre lots, each fronting upon the lake, and these were allotted to disbanded soldiers and Loyalists who could establish their claims upon the bounty of the government. The whole tract, known as New Settlement, is today largely owned by the descendants of the original grantees, one of whom was Daniel McKillip.

Thus, Eleanor Little, still but a girl in years, took up her residence about the year 1786 in New Settlement, as the bride of Daniel McKillip. Here, in the raw wilderness, bride and bridegroom undertook the arduous task of creating a home. Here, in due course of time, three children were born to them, and here, a few years later, the young wife experienced the second great tragedy in her life. The home in which she lived for a dozen years was in modern Essex County, about a mile east of the village of Colchester.

It was the campaign of General Wayne in 1794 which destroyed her domestic happiness, and radically altered her further course in life. The Detroit militia were embodied for service on the Maumee against the American army; many of them fought beside the red men at Fallen Timbers, and among the slain was Daniel McKillip. The plight of the young widow was desperate enough. With

several small children, the oldest hardly seven, the youngest an infant in arms, she was left to assume the burden of extracting a living from an ill-developed farm in a new country, far removed from most of the resources of civilization. Meanwhile, her parents were living on their farm at Grosse Pointe, a few miles above Detroit. Here the daughter must have visited as opportunity permitted, and here she may have found temporary refuge from the trials that beset her in her New Settlement home.

Detroit was not a very large town at the close of the Revolution, and Eleanor Little could hardly have been here long before making the acquaintance of Tavernkeeper Forsyth's stepson, John Kinzie. On January 23, 1798, Kinzie journeyed to New Settlement, attended by no less than three of his half-brothers, and there before Magistrate William Harffy exchanged marriage vows with Eleanor McKillip. Thereupon she removed to her husband's home at St. Joseph and began a new period of her career, as a resident of the United States. Her children, however, did not share in the removal. Margaret, the infant of 1794, seems to have been reared by her grandparents at Detroit. As the young wife of Lieutenant Helm, she will figure prominently in our narrative of the massacre of August 15, 1812. No further record of the older children has been found, and one can only surmise that they may have died prior to their mother's union with Kinzie.

John Kinzie was aggressive and energetic, and well fitted to prosper in the Indian trade. He did so at St. Joseph, and at Chicago until the War of 1812. During all the period of his first residence at Chicago he operated as a partner of his half-brother, Thomas Forsyth, who resided at Peoria, while Kinzie conducted their business at Chicago. Here, for years, he played the rôle of leading local trader, extend-

ing his operations to Milwaukee, Rock River, St. Joseph, and various other points. During all these years he retained important property interests and intimate personal relations at Detroit, to which place he returned to spend the troubled years from 1812 to 1816.

Strong men stir up enmities, and Kinzie was emphatically such a man. His quarrel with Captain Whistler which produced the dispersal of the Fort Dearborn officers in 1810 has already been sketched. Before the summer of 1812 he was engaged in a similar quarrel with Whistler's successor at Fort Dearborn, Captain Heald. Another evidence of his aggressive character is seen in his relations with La Lime, the interpreter. In April, 1812, La Lime was fatally stabbed by Kinzie in an encounter just outside the fort. The Kinzie family narrative represents that La Lime had become insanely jealous of Kinzie, who killed in self-defense. Since La Lime's story perished with him, it is impossible to say what his defense might be. It is significant, however, that with the sole exception of the Kinzie narrative, all the reports we have of him are highly creditable. Dr. Smith, in 1803, praised him as "a very decent man and a good companion." Charles Jouett, the Indian agent, a lawyer by training and subsequently a judge, gave La Lime's name to one of his sons. In 1800 he was a man of sufficient business standing to become the purchaser of Point Sable's extensive property. Immediately after the killing, Kinzie fled into the Indian country, finding refuge at Milwaukee. Why he should have done so is not apparent, since there was no court at Chicago, and no one with authority to try or punish him. A few weeks later the massacre blotted out the Chicago community, and La Lime and his story were alike forgotten.

The knife-thrust which killed the unfortunate interpre-

ter quite probably preserved the life of Matthew Irwin, the government Indian storekeeper. Deprived of the services of La Lime, Irwin left Chicago for Mackinac in July to procure a new interpreter, and thereby escaped the general slaughter of August 15. Irwin, too, had quarreled with Kinzie, and in a long official report to the superintendent of Indian Trade at Washington he flatly characterized the killing of La Lime as an act of murder. The paucity of our existing evidence renders it impossible to determine to what extent this charge was justified.

A transaction of Kinzie's which makes strange reading at the present day concerns his enslavement of Jeffrey Nash. The institution of slavery was familiar to the Indians before the white man's advent in America, and it flourished in New France as it did in the English colonies. The famous Ordinance of 1787 prohibited slavery in the Northwest, but the prohibition represented an ideal, rather than an actual achievement. Human slavery was an existing fact, and until about the middle of the nineteenth century slaves, albeit in decreasing numbers, continued to be found in every state of the Old Northwest. At Detroit, where Kinzie grew up, slavery was a familiar institution. In 1796 the Detroit River became an international boundary, on both sides of which were slaves and garrisons of troops. Theoretically both slaves and soldiers might recover their liberty by fleeing across the river, but actually the influence of organized society was exerted to discourage such leave-takings, and to return the fugitive to his master. The leading citizens of the community were frequently the holders of slaves. Governor Edwards of Illinois and Governor Dodge of Wisconsin each owned numerous slaves. They were found, of course, at every army post, performing the

duties of domestic servants. Jefferson Davis had such a personal slave during all the years of his service in the Northwest. Dred Scott, the question of whose ownership rocked the nation in the fifties, was such a slave at Rock Island and at Fort Snelling. The wife of Captain Heald, who came to Chicago as a bride in 1811, brought along a slave woman, Cicely, who was killed in the massacre a year later. These illustrations will prepare the reader to understand how it was that Kinzie held, and on occasion bought or sold, slaves during the years of his residence at Chicago. In most cases, no record of such transactions remains to us. But Jeffrey Nash's enterprise in running away, followed by Kinzie's efforts to recover him, insured the preservation of his story in ample legal detail.

On September 5, 1803, Kinzie and Forsyth purchased Nash at Detroit. On May 22, 1804, a few days after Kinzie's removal to Chicago, Nash was made a party to a curious contract with his owners. In return for "meat drink apparel washing and Lodging fitting for a servant," Nash indentured himself as a servant to Kinzie and Forsyth "merchants of Chicago" for a term of seven years. During all this period he was to keep their "secrets" and "gladly Obey" their lawful commands; he was not to waste their goods, nor lend them to others; he could neither commit fornication nor contract matrimony; nor could he play at dice, cards, or any other unlawful game, nor haunt taverns or other places, nor absent himself "day nor night" from his master's service. One is consumed with wonder over the paragon of propriety poor Jeffrey bound himself to become, until he learns that the language of the quaint document merely repeated the legal form of indentures for servants which had been employed in England for genera-

tions. Probably no one expected that Nash would really perform all the stipulations which his seven-year contract enjoined upon him.

Before long he was taken to Peoria, Forsyth's place of residence, where for many years he was held and treated as a slave. At length he ran away from his bondage, making his way to St. Louis, and eventually to New Orleans, where he is said to have had a wife and child. Kinzie and Forsyth sought to recover possession of him, and to this end a suit was instituted which ultimately found its way to the Supreme Court of Louisiana.

On behalf of the claimants, the Detroit bill of sale of Nash to them in 1803 was produced, and a number of witnesses testified to the fact that for a term of years he had lived at Peoria as Forsyth's slave, being "known and reputed" as such by the villagers. The judges declared the claimants' pretended right of property in Nash invalid, however, since the Ordinance of 1787 prohibited slavery in the Northwest Territory, save in punishment for crime upon due conviction. Although the decision was conclusive so far as the individual status of Nash was concerned, slaves long continued to be held in Illinois and the other states of the Old Northwest.

The question remains as to what motive influenced Kinzie and Forsyth, already the owners of Nash, to enter upon the seven-year-apprenticeship agreement with him. The answer is supplied by Jacob P. Dunn, the historian of slavery in Indiana. On September 22, 1803, the legislature of Indiana Territory adopted at Vincennes a measure for the control of slaves (euphemistically characterized as "servants") brought into the Territory. The report of this measure, as carried to Chicago, erroneously induced Kin-

zie and Forsyth to believe that in order to hold Nash in bondage they must go through the form of apprenticing him as their servant. They accordingly drew up the articles of indenture, which Nash was induced to sign in the belief that he would thereby gain his freedom at the end of seven years. Subsequently learning that the new law did not, in fact, affect their ownership of Nash, they repudiated the agreement. Nash, having performed his seven years of service, secured the freedom he had been led to expect by the process of running away, and the Louisiana Supreme Court confirmed the legality of his conduct.

The prosperity which Kinzie enjoyed at Chicago prior to 1812 was dealt a crushing blow by the destruction which attended the massacre and the subsequent years of warfare. After the massacre, the family once more found asylum at Detroit, where it remained for four years. Kinzie himself was imprisoned for a time by General Procter under a suspicion (probably well founded) that he was intriguing with the Americans to the detriment of the British cause. The gravity of this charge was increased by the undeniable fact that he had formerly been a British subject, and the erroneous belief of the authorities that this was still his status.

In July, 1816, a detachment of soldiers raised the American flag once more at Chicago, and began the building of a new Fort Dearborn. Under the shelter of its protection, Kinzie soon returned to Chicago and reoccupied the home which had been abandoned so abruptly four years before. The return was no doubt animated by the belief that he could recoup his shattered fortune, but the effort proved wholly futile. The war had ruined the red men of the Northwest, who never again seriously challenged the power

of the white race in this region. The vanished fabric of Kinzie's commercial enterprises could not be restored. Letters in the Detroit Public Library disclose that in the early twenties, within half a dozen years of his death, he was vainly endeavoring to compromise the claims of his creditors in the hope of escaping bankruptcy. By one shift or another, however, he managed to maintain himself until his death, in January, 1828. Had he lived half a dozen years longer, the boom which came to Chicago in 1833 would have conferred ample wealth upon him.

To the story of his family, or families, and their part in the making of Chicago we may now return. Some time after his return to Chicago in 1816, James and Elizabeth, children of his union with Margaret McKenzie, came from Virginia to join him. James engaged in the Indian trade for a time, married Leah See, and lived a reputable citizen of Chicago until about the year 1836, when he removed to Racine County, Wisconsin. Shortly after 1850 he removed to Iowa County, where he conducted prosperous farming and milling operations, held numerous local offices, and was regarded as a leading citizen until his death in 1866. At Chicago he had been a builder of houses and inns, had served as trustee of the school section, as first sheriff of Cook County, and as holder of other local offices. In the period of the early twenties, when financial disaster overhung John Kinzie and when the children of his second marriage were too young to afford him any assistance, James loyally came to his relief.

Elizabeth Kinzie, in July, 1826, became the bride of Samuel Miller of Chicago, her father, as magistrate, performing the marriage ceremony. Miller was one of the city's earliest innkeepers, and one of the early commis-

sioners of Cook County. In the summer of 1832 Elizabeth died, after which her husband removed with his three motherless children to Michigan City, where William Kinzie, the remaining child of John and Margaret McKenzie, was living.

Four children born to Kinzie and Eleanor Little lived to maturity (the first-born died in infancy) and all figure prominently in Chicago's early history. John Harris, the eldest, was born at Sandwich in the summer of 1803, where his mother was visiting in the home of her sister, Mrs. William Forsyth. The next year he accompanied his parents to Chicago, where his early boyhood was passed. He was nine years old at the time of the massacre, and his next four years were spent in war-torn Detroit. In early youth he entered the employ of the American Fur Company at Mackinac, where under the tutelage of such men as Robert Stuart and Ramsay Crooks he underwent a rigid apprenticeship in the mercantile art. He subsequently became a protégé of Governor Lewis Cass, through whose influence, in 1830, he was appointed sub-Indian agent at Fort Winnebago, Wisconsin. This same year he married Juliette A. Magill, a native of Connecticut and the niece of his brother-in-law, Dr. Alexander Wolcott. On the appearance of the boom in 1833, he resigned his Indian agency and returned to Chicago. From the awards of the Chicago Treaty of 1833, and the sale of the parental real estate to hopeful speculators in town lots, he accumulated a considerable fortune, and until his death in 1865 remained one of Chicago's prominent citizens. Mrs. Kinzie was a woman of pronounced social and literary aptitudes, who fairly deserves the title of Chicago's first author. Her book, *Wau Bun: The Early Day in the Northwest*, published in 1856, is

a charming semihistorical family narrative which relates the doings of the Kinzie clan from the birth of John Kinzie in 1763 to the author's own removal from Fort Winnebago to Chicago seventy years later. It is of interest to note that the author attributes the writing of the book to the insistent urging of her mother-in-law, the childhood captive of the Seneca. "My child," she would say, "write these things down as I tell them to you. Hereafter our children, and even strangers, will feel interested in hearing the story of our early lives and sufferings." In this she spoke truly, and succeeding generations owe her a debt of gratitude for her share in the production of her daughter-in-law's book.

The first Chicago-born child of the Kinzies' was Ellen Marion, who was born in December, 1805. In 1819 Dr. Alexander Wolcott, a graduate of Yale, who had served during the War of 1812 in the medical corps of the army, came to Chicago as Indian agent. Four years later, Ellen Marion, now a girl of eighteen, became his bride, under circumstances which illustrate vividly the primitive conditions which still prevailed at Chicago. There was no magistrate or minister of the gospel within a hundred miles who could perform the marriage ceremony. It chanced, however, that William S. Hamilton, roving son of the famous statesman, Alexander Hamilton, had a contract to supply the garrison at Green Bay with beef cattle, and John Hamlin of Peoria assisted in driving the herd from southern Illinois to Green Bay. Hamlin held a commission as justice of the peace, and when he passed through Chicago in July, the prospective bride and groom improved the opportunity his chance visit afforded, by having him perform their marriage ceremony. Wolcott died in 1830, and six years later the widow, still a young woman, married

a popular Detroit attorney, George C. Bates. She died at Detroit in 1860.

In 1822 a handsome youth of excellent family named David Hunter was graduated from West Point and assigned to active duty with the Fifth Infantry. In 1829 he was stationed at Fort Dearborn, and soon thereafter he married Kinzie's remaining daughter, Maria Indiana. Most of his career was devoted to the army, where he rose to important station and in the Civil War held many important assignments. In 1865 he was president of the special commission which tried the conspirators who had compassed the death of President Lincoln. Hunter lived to an advanced age, and fifty years after his marriage to Maria Kinzie he was still gallantly affirming that Chicago was "a first-rate place from which to get a good wife."

Robert Allen, youngest child of John and Eleanor Kinzie, was born in 1810. Save for certain temporary absences, his entire career was passed at Chicago, where he died in 1873. He did what he could to heal the ancient feud between John Whistler and John Kinzie by marrying Gwinthlean, daughter of William Whistler and granddaughter of the builder of Fort Dearborn. Born to the wilderness and bred to the Indian trade, he lived to witness the transformation of his natal spot into a city of several hundred thousand—a change more amazing, probably, than any the future holds in store for Chicago.

We have already spoken of Margaret McKillip, who was born at New Settlement on Lake Erie the year her father was slain at Fallen Timbers in 1794. Her girlhood was spent at Detroit, where on June 10, 1810, she married Lieutenant Linai T. Helm. Although Helm came of a well-known family, the union proved an unfortunate one for

Margaret. In 1811 Helm was transferred at his own request to Fort Dearborn, where the cost of living was cheaper than at Detroit. Thus Margaret rejoined her mother, and the following year underwent the horrors of the massacre, whose narration by Mrs. Kinzie in *Wau Bun* is attributed directly to her. The moving story of her rescue from impending slaughter by Black Partridge is embodied in bronze in the Massacre monument which was erected a generation ago. Lieutenant Helm proved unsatisfactory as a husband, and in 1829 Mrs. Helm divorced him. Both before and after this event she lived for many years with her mother. In January, 1836, she married Dr. Lucius Abbott, of Detroit, and thus returned to the home of her youth, where she died in 1844.

The Kinzie family was neither the first nor the only one which was drawn to Chicago by the establishment of Fort Dearborn. Although the records that remain to us from this early period are provokingly scant, it is clear that by 1812 a considerable settlement had developed. In some cases discharged soldiers had settled with their families outside the fort. The government maintained an Indian agent and a storekeeper here, and both officials, if not married before coming to Chicago, were likely to make the attainment of a wife one of their first cares. Several years prior to 1812 a farmer named Lee brought his family to Chicago, and Dr. Cooper records that in his time a cattle-dealer named Clark lived near the forks of the river. In the spring of 1812, following the killing of two men at the Lee farm, Captain Heald enrolled fifteen male Chicagoans in a militia company. Three of them later left Chicago, and the remaining twelve died to a man on the day of the massacre. There were eighteen children and nine women in the

massacre, all of whom, save the Lees, were attached to present or former members of the garrison. Besides these unfortunates, Chicago had another and perhaps more numerous element composed of Frenchmen of the type of Ouilmette, and their Indian wives. These did not accompany the garrison on its fatal march, for the excellent reason that their Indian associations secured them from violence. Like the French population in Detroit in Pontiac's war of 1763, they were neutral observers of the impending struggle. John Kinzie did not belong to this group, but his Indian associations proved powerful enough to carry him and his entire family in safety through the massacre.

CHAPTER VII
WAR COMES TO CHICAGO

With the scattering of Fort Dearborn's official family as a consequence of the garrison quarrel of 1810, a new group of officers came to Chicago. Captain Whistler was sent back to Detroit, whence he had come to build Fort Dearborn in 1803. Captain Rhea, whose company at Detroit was given to Whistler, was sent to Fort Wayne to relieve Captain Nathan Heald, who in turn succeeded to the vacant command at Fort Dearborn.

The new commander was born at New Ipswich, New Hampshire, in September, 1775. He came of an ancient and patriotic New England line; his great-grandfather had led the Concord company to Boston to share in the overthrow of Governor Andros in April, 1689, while his father, Colonel Thomas Heald, commanded the New Ipswich company which "before daylight" on the morning of April 20, 1775, marched to avenge the affair of Lexington and Concord. Nathan, his son, entered the army in 1799 as an ensign, and served continuously at various frontier stations and on recruiting service until January, 1807, when he was promoted to the rank of captain and given the command of Fort Wayne. He made a creditable record during the next three years, and his appointment to the command of Fort Dearborn may be regarded as an indication of confidence reposed in him by his superiors. On reaching Chicago, he reported that Whistler had left everything in good condition. Heald, however, was dissatisfied with his new station,

and he at once announced his intention of spending the ensuing winter in New England; if the requisite leave of absence were denied him, he would resign from the service rather than remain at Fort Dearborn.

The furlough was granted, however, and Heald departed for his native New England on an absence of nine months' duration. The command of Fort Dearborn during this interregnum fell to Lieutenant Philip Ostrander of the Fort Wayne garrison. Ostrander had entered the army in the autumn of 1801, and five years later, while stationed at Mackinac, had been commissioned as ensign. In the summer of 1807 he was ordered to Fort Wayne, where he served as a subordinate of Captain Heald until the removal of the latter to Fort Dearborn in 1810. With the return of Captain Heald to Fort Dearborn in June, 1811, Ostrander resumed his station at Fort Wayne, where in the summer of 1812 he participated in the successful defense of the post against the Indians, until relieved by the arrival of General Harrison. His further military career was cut short by his death, July 30, 1813. Letters written by him, preserved in the Detroit Public Library, reveal him as a man of intelligence, with a fine command of the English language.

At Fort Wayne, Captain Heald had been intimately associated with Captain William Wells of the Indian Department, who had acquired fame as General Wayne's chief of scouts. Wells had a brother, Colonel Samuel Wells of Louisville, and the latter had a beautiful daughter, named Rebekah. Rebekah visited her uncle at Fort Wayne, where she made the acquaintance, and won the heart, of the commandant. Evidently the attraction was mutual, for Heald, after spending the winter of 1810–11 in Massachusetts, returned west by way of Pittsburgh and the Ohio River to

Louisville, where on May 23 he exchanged marriage vows with Rebekah Wells. Immediately thereafter bride and bridegroom set out on horseback for Chicago, traveling, probably, by way of Vincennes and thence by the Indian trail which led northward through the wilderness to the head of Lake Michigan. With them went Mrs. Heald's slave girl, Cicely, to die in the massacre a year later.

Two of the older Fort Dearborn officers, Surgeon John Cooper and Lieutenant Seth Thompson, had not been removed in 1810. Cooper had come to the place in 1808 from Fishkill, New York, where he was born in 1786, to succeed Dr. William C. Smith. He had become such an ardent friend of Whistler that in 1810 he expressed to Colonel Kingsbury his willingness to give his life to prove the commandant's innocence of the charges his enemies had preferred against him. Lieutenant Thompson, on the other hand, had been a member of the anti-Whistler combination. Both were eliminated from the Chicago scene in the spring of 1811, when Thompson died, and Cooper resigned from the army in disgust, unwilling longer to remain in a service where one could be so easily injured in the opinion of the heads of the department. Settling at Poughkeepsie, New York, he followed his calling there until his death more than half a century later. On leaving Fort Dearborn in 1810, Captain Whistler presented his young admirer with a copy of the poems of William Shenstone as a keepsake. The volume was carefully treasured by Cooper, and after the lapse of almost a century it was returned to Chicago. Here it may still be seen, the oldest literary relic of the great city of today.

In March, 1811, George Ronan, a young cadet direct from West Point, was given the rank of ensign and ordered

to repair at once to Fort Dearborn. Practically our only estimate of him is the one recorded by Mrs. Kinzie. At the height of the panic over the murders at the Lee farm, Ronan volunteered to lead a squad of soldiers to the rescue of the Burns family, which was believed to be in imminent danger of slaughter. On the fatal day of evacuation, four months later, Ronan is pictured as uttering an impudent taunt to Captain Heald. If he actually committed this fault, he offered the best possible atonement a little later, when "mortally wounded and nearly down" he continued to fight desperately to the end.

The vacancy produced by the death of Lieutenant Thompson was filled in June, 1811, by the transfer of Lieutenant Helm from Detroit to Chicago. A little later the vacancy created by the resignation of Dr. Cooper was filled by the appointment of Isaac van Voorhis, who belonged to an old Dutch family of Fishkill, New York. Although Mrs. Kinzie pictures van Voorhis, in the hour of trial, as an atheist and coward, Dr. Cooper, his boyhood friend and college classmate, earnestly affirmed that he was a brave man and Christian gentleman, who could not possibly have acted a cowardly or unworthy rôle. That he was a young man of spirit, education, and farsighted vision is evident from certain fragmentary letters which have been preserved. Soon after coming to his lonely wilderness station, when homesickness might well have dominated his soul, he wrote in a letter to a friend:

> In my solitary walks I contemplate what a great and powerful republic will yet arise in this new world. Here, I say, will be the seat of millions yet unborn; here, the asylum of oppressed millions yet to come. How composedly would I die could I be resuscitated at that bright era of American greatness—an era which I hope will announce the tidings of death to fell superstition and dread tyranny.

With the coming of Dr. van Voorhis, the new official family of Fort Dearborn became the same as on the day of massacre a year later. All things considered, it was a surprisingly youthful circle. Captain Heald was nearing his thirty-seventh birthday. Lieutenant Helm was but a young man, and Ronan and van Voorhis were still in the dawn of manhood. Rebekah Heald and Margaret Helm, the wives of the two senior officers, were both brides of a year's standing—Mrs. Heald but twenty-two, and Mrs. Helm eighteen years of age in the summer of 1812. Captain Heald aside, the leaders of civilization's forlorn hope on the day of savage massacre were no older than the youths and maidens who today throng our college campuses.

For nine years the garrison of Fort Dearborn upheld the banner of civilization west of Lake Michigan—a tiny island engulfed in a sea of savagery. Then, as an incident in a world-wide convulsion, having its center four thousand miles away in distant Europe, garrison and community were blotted out, and the forces of barbarism again reigned supreme at Chicago.

The War of 1812 was entered upon by the United States for a variety of reasons. Broadly considered, it was but a minor part of the European upheaval which the French Revolution had initiated two decades before. In recent years the American nation, rich, populous, and powerful, has made the discovery that it could not hold aloof from a war in which the chief powers of the world were engaged. Much less could the United States a century earlier, when relatively weak and insignificant, maintain its neutrality in the face of the convulsion which was then agitating the occidental world. Our government, in the years which pre-

ceded the second war with Great Britain, had no desire for war, and under the pacifist leadership of President Jefferson it wooed peace with unwearied enthusiasm. The theory, today widely prevalent, that a nation can avoid war by the simple expedient of reducing itself to a state of military impotence which shall prevent it from resenting the aggressions of its neighbors, finds its complete refutation in the case of the United States a century and a quarter ago. The history of that period no patriotic American can read without experiencing a feeling of anger and shame—anger over the long series of outrages and insults inflicted upon our country by the two chief powers of Europe and shame that our forefathers, by their failure to resent these outrages, so long permitted them to continue.

Goaded beyond endurance, the nation at length blundered, hesitantly and half-heartedly, into war. In 1898 we again entered upon such a conflict, which Theodore Roosevelt has trenchantly characterized as the "War of America the Unready." Not merely was America unready in 1812, when war was declared upon the foremost military power in the world, but the country which must wage the war was divided into angry factions over the issue of its desirability. In New England the dominant party was so bitterly opposed to it as to occasion grave doubt concerning its loyalty to the Union. The middle and southern states were not openly opposed to the war, but they were wholly lukewarm in its support. Only in the West, where the traditional enmity toward England remained unmodified by commercial motives, and was nourished by the Indian menace, for which all westerners firmly believed Great Britain to be principally responsible, was public opinion whole-heartedly in favor of war. A characteristic utterance of this belief is

seen in a letter written at Fort Dearborn in the autumn of 1811 by youthful Surgeon van Voorhis. He observed:

> I cannot but notice the villainy practiced in the Indian country by British agents and traders; you hear of it at a distance, but we near the scene of action are sensible of it. They labor by every unprincipaled means to instigate the savages against the Americans . . . . and their united efforts aim too at the destruction of every trading house and the prevention of the extension of our frontier. Never till a prohibition of the entrance of all foreigners, and especially British subjects, into the Indian country takes place, will we enjoy a lasting peace with the credulous, deluded, and cannibal savages.

For the protection of the western frontier, there existed at the beginning of 1812 half a dozen widely scattered posts which might ordinarily be defended against an attack by Indians, but which were wholly inadequate to oppose the weapons of a civilized power. These garrisons were obviously of slight account in the struggle which now impended, whose burden must be borne by the citizens of the West, enrolled as volunteer militia. In both Ohio and Kentucky there was no lack of man power, but the militia, with little training and discipline, and even less desire to acquire these necessary qualifications of a soldier, could not be relied upon for any extended operations.

The most hopeful thing that can be said about the American situation is that the plight of the British was even worse. In the red men of the Northwest they possessed an ally instantly ready for war and capable of inflicting great damage upon the Americans. Past experience, however, had demonstrated repeatedly the unreliability of the Indians as allies in a war between civilized powers. Negatively, the alliance of the Indians was of great importance to the British, but their main reliance in a positive way in the

Northwest lay in the hundreds of men engaged in the fur trade, whom economic interest and patriotic sentiment, alike, united to enrol under the banner of Great Britain.

The Americans entered the war obsessed with the idea that Canada would prove an easy conquest. Given even a modicum of military efficiency, this result might readily have been achieved. But efficiency was painfully lacking to the Americans, who from the President down displayed to the world a degree of ineptitude difficult to comprehend, or to excel. The defense of the Northwest was intrusted to General Hull, who late in May set out from Urbana, Ohio, with a little army composed chiefly of raw Ohio militia on a 200-mile march through the wilderness to Detroit. He arrived here on July 5, and four days later received orders from Washington to begin the invasion of Canada. According to General Dearborn's plan of action, the main American army was to invade Canada by way of Lake Champlain, while, simultaneously, flanking invasions would be begun from Detroit, Niagara, and Sackett's Harbor. In pursuance of this program, Hull crossed the river at Belle Isle and occupied Sandwich. Here, instead of pressing the attack on Amherstburg, he marked time, while Dearborn, upon whose invasion from New York the success of the entire series of operations depended, accomplished nothing. In this crisis of affairs, the British developed a capable leader in the person of General Isaac Brock. Taking prompt advantage of the situation, he transferred all his available force from the Niagara frontier to Amherstburg. Hull, overawed by his increasing difficulties, and by his fear of the "northern hordes" of warriors from Mackinac and beyond, had already retired to Detroit, where in response to Brock's summons he tamely surrendered

his army, together with all of Michigan Territory, to the British.

The fall of Detroit was simultaneous with that of Fort Dearborn, yet in a very real sense the fate of Chicago was determined by the failure of General Hull. The first blow in the Northwest was struck at Mackinac, some weeks before the surrender of Detroit. Months before the actual declaration of war, General Brock had begun to prepare for this eventuality by developing a plan for an attack on Mackinac by an expedition from the neighboring post of St. Joseph, as soon as war should be declared. During the winter of 1812, an understanding was entered upon with Robert Dickson, an enterprising British trader of the Upper Mississippi region, whereby the latter undertook to raise a band of warriors who would co-operate in the attack on Mackinac as soon as he should receive word that hostilities had been declared. In August, 1811, Dickson had returned from Canada to the Mississippi with a large supply of goods for the Indian trade. Instead of engaging in the usual winter's trade, however, he distributed all his goods gratis to the Indians, having sensed the imminence of war, and the desirability of retaining their alliance with the British.

In the spring of 1812 Dickson set out once more for Canada, going, as usual, by way of Prairie du Chien and Green Bay. At the Wisconsin Portage, however, he was met by two Indian runners with a message from General Brock apprising him of the imminence of war. The runners had been detained en route at Chicago by Captain Heald, who suspected their true character, but they had managed to conceal Brock's letter to Dickson in a moccasin, and on being released had resumed their interrupted journey. As

a consequence of its delivery, Dickson promptly set out with 140 warriors for St. Joseph Island, where he arrived about the first of July. At Mackinac the garrison slept in fancied security, ignorant of the declaration of war, while in the night of July 18 a British army from St. Joseph landed on the back side of the island and dragged two small cannon to its loftiest height, overlooking the fort. When daylight disclosed the situation, the dismayed American commander could only surrender at discretion.

The fall of Mackinac proved a powerful factor in the destruction of Chicago a month later. By swift canoe and Indian runner the news of the initial American disaster was soon conveyed throughout every corner of the northwestern wilderness, arousing to exultation the savage partisans of Great Britain, cowing those who sympathized with the United States, and deciding the wavering to rally to the British standard.

At Chicago, since early spring, a tense situation had existed. Early in March, Captain Heald received news from a Frenchman at Milwaukee of hostilities committed by the Winnebago on the Mississippi. About sunset on April 6 a band of marauders, who were believed to belong to the same tribe, staged a miniature massacre at the Lee farm on the south branch, three or four miles from the fort. Lee is supposed to have settled at Chicago about the year 1805. He lived with his family a short distance southwest of the fort, and operated a farm at the place on the south branch which at a later date acquired the name of Hardscrabble. Captain Heald's report indicates that in 1812 Lee had a partner named Russel, but no further record of this individual has come down to us. The farm was under the immediate superintendence of a New Englander who bore the

proud name of Liberty White. He had been a schoolmate of Aaron Greeley, born at Hopkinton, New Hampshire, in 1773, and his first name both discloses the sentiment of his parents and fixes the approximate date of his birth as the year 1775. In 1806 Greeley, a surveyor by profession, migrated to Detroit, where he was engaged for several years in surveying the private land claims along the Detroit River. White accompanied Greeley's family to Detroit, and some time thereafter made his way to Chicago.

Besides White, the marauders found three other persons at the Lee farm: a soldier of the garrison, John Kelso, a Frenchman named Jean B. Cardin, who had but recently come to Chicago, and a boy whom Mrs. Kinzie states was the son of Lee. Soon after the arrival of the visitors, Kelso and the boy, not liking the aspect of affairs, "cleared out" for the fort. Soon the sound of guns lent wings to their feet and they raced madly down the river, pausing opposite the Burns home, which stood on the north bank some distance above the fort, long enough to call out a warning to the inmates.

In *Wau Bun*, Mrs. Kinzie describes vividly the panic flight of the settlers to the sheltering walls of Fort Dearborn which the report of the Indian visitation evoked. On the morning of the seventh a squad of soldiers visited the Lee farm, which they found tenanted by the corpses of Cardin and White. Cardin had been shot and scalped, but his body was not otherwise mutilated, out of consideration, as Heald surmised, for his nationality. White had been "shockingly butchered." He had been tomahawked and scalped, his face mutilated, and his throat cut from ear to ear. He had, also, two balls through his body and two knife stabs in breast and hip. He was, Heald reported, "the most horrible object I ever beheld."

Following the murder of White and Cardin, the garrison and the civilian residents of Chicago endured for some time what may fairly be described as a state of siege. The murderers were supposed to belong to the Winnebago tribe, but the efforts of the commander to discover their identity from the neighboring Indians were fruitless. Accordingly he forbade the Indians to come to the place until he should learn to what nation the murderers belonged. Kinzie moved his family into the fort, and the other civilian residents fortified themselves in the house formerly occupied by Jouett, the Indian agent, which stood some rods west of the fort. Those of them who were able to bear arms, fifteen in number, were organized by Captain Heald as a military company, and furnished with arms and ammunition from the garrison store. The little group stands at the head of all the volunteer military organizations in the city's history. It stands at the head, too, of all Chicago's military organizations with respect to losses suffered on the field of battle. No muster roll of the company survives, and only by inference can the identity of many of its members be determined. Parties of savages lurked around, and the whites were forced to keep close to the fort to avoid the loss of their scalps. A few days after the raid three members of the militia company, two half-breeds and a Frenchman, deserted, taking a dozen horses with them and going in the direction of Milwaukee. Twelve were left to share in the battle and defeat four months later.

The untimely killing of La Lime, the veteran interpreter, undoubtedly intensified the difficulties which confronted Captain Heald in the weeks following the April murders. By midsummer several hundred warriors had collected at Chicago, many of them accompanied by their women and children. The contemporary reports of their behavior are

conflicting, but it seems reasonably clear that among the natives themselves wide differences of opinion existed. On July 5 Matthew Irwin, keeper of the government trading-house, departed for Mackinac in search of someone who might take up the duties of the dead interpreter; but the fall of Mackinac the day after his arrival there prevented the execution of this mission, and Irwin was compelled to proceed with the prisoners to Detroit. Before leaving Chicago he had given Dr. van Voorhis custody of the trading-house. Two small sailing vessels from Black Rock, the "Erie" and the "Friend's Good Will," shortly appeared at Chicago, and van Voorhis shipped on board the latter ninety-nine packs of fur belonging to the trading-house. At Mackinac both vessels were seized by the British; the "Friend's Good Will" was renamed the "Little Belt," and under this name formed part of the squadron which Commodore Perry overwhelmed in the battle of Lake Erie a year later.

The news that war had been declared reached Fort Dearborn toward the middle of July, being brought, according to local tradition, by Pierre le Claire, a half-breed Potawatomi, who ran from the mouth of the St. Joseph to Fort Dearborn, ninety miles, in a single day. At almost the same time (July 14) General Hull at Detroit was writing to the secretary of war of his efforts to complete and arm the "Adams" as soon as possible, for the purpose of sending needed supplies to the garrisons at Mackinac and Chicago. Exactly two weeks later, two Chippewa runners brought to Hull at Sandwich the news of the capture of Mackinac. He at first refused to credit the report, but upon being convinced of its truth he decided to order the evacuation of Fort Dearborn, and on July 29 informed the secretary of

war of this decision: "I shall immediately send an express to Fort Dearborn," he wrote, "with orders to evacuate that post and retreat to this place or Fort Wayne, provided it can be effected with a greater prospect of safety than to remain. Captain Heald is a judicious officer, and I shall confide much to his discretion."

On the same day as the foregoing letter, Hull wrote an order to Captain Heald which was delivered to that officer by an Indian runner on August 9. The fateful missive, which involved the destruction of Chicago, may still be seen in the Wisconsin Historical Library at Madison. It peremptorily commands the evacuation of the fort, and the destruction of all arms and ammunition, but permits Heald to give the goods of the government trading-house to the friendly Indians, and to the poor and needy of the post. The order is not in Hull's handwriting, and in certain respects its contents are such as to defy rational explanation. These things seem to afford at least negative support to a strange tale told by Lieutenant Helm in his narrative of the massacre, to the effect that Kinzie overcame Heald's scruples against destroying the surplus arms and ammunition by forging an order "as if from Gen'l Hull" commanding that this be done. Whoever wrote the order that has come down to us, it is plain both from the accounts of Captain Heald and of his critics that he gave no heed to Kinzie's remonstrance against the evacuation, in which the latter clearly saw his own financial ruin.

The time from the ninth to the thirteenth of August was devoted to preparations for the arduous wilderness march. Hull had also dispatched an express to Captain Rhea at Fort Wayne, advising him of the order for the evacuation of Fort Dearborn, and instructing him to render Captain

Heald any assistance within his power to extend. In consequence of this communication, Captain William Wells, the Indian agent, set out for Chicago, accompanied by Corporal Walter Jordan of the Fort Wayne garrison and thirty Miami warriors. No man living had a more thorough knowledge of Indian character than Wells, and his arrival at Chicago on the thirteenth must have brought substantial relief to the harassed commandant. Captured by the Indians in boyhood, and adopted by the famous Miami chieftain, Little Turtle, he had grown to manhood in the tribe, had become a noted warrior, and had fought by the side of his red brothers in the campaigns of 1790 and 1791, when they defeated the armies of Harmar and St. Clair. Shortly after the latter event, whether because of a belated realization of his true racial identity or the solicitations of his white relatives, he discarded his Indian allegiance and threw in his lot with the whites. He was a perfect master of woodcraft and of the Indian mode of warfare, and as chief of scouts under General Wayne he had rendered most effective service in that leader's victorious campaign of 1794. Despite his change of allegiance, he enjoyed the confidence of both races, and at the Greenville treaty of 1795 Little Turtle urgently requested that Wells be stationed at Fort Wayne by the government, saying that he possessed the confidence of the Indians as fully as he did that of the whites. Here, as an official of the Indian Department, he remained until 1812. Of all the whites who evacuated Fort Dearborn, he alone was present from choice rather than necessity. How he gave his life for infant Chicago we shall presently see.

Apparently on the same day that Wells arrived a council was held with the Indians, at which Heald announced his

intention to distribute the goods of the government store among them and evacuate the fort, and bargained for their protection upon his march to Fort Wayne. On the fourteenth the distribution was made, but the two things which the warriors chiefly coveted were withheld. The garrison store of liquor, together with a large quantity belonging to Kinzie and Forsyth, was destroyed, as were also the surplus arms and ammunition. The one was calculated to fire the red man to deeds of madness, while for the whites to give him the other would have been to furnish him with the implements for their own destruction.

CHAPTER VIII

THE JOURNEY OF DEATH

All was now in readiness for the departure, which was appointed for the following morning. At this juncture there came to the commander a belated warning of the disaster that was impending. Black Partridge, a friendly chief of the Illinois River Potawatomi, came to him with the significant message that "linden birds" had been singing in his ears, that the whites should be careful on the march they were about to make. From time immemorial the whites had signified their friendship for the red men by conferring upon their influential leaders medals bearing the likeness of the white ruler, which were treasured by the recipients as the visible tokens of their influence and standing in the eyes of their Great Father. Black Partridge had such a medal, which he now gave to Heald, explaining that the young warriors were bent on mischief and could not be restrained.

It was now too late to withdraw from the plan of evacuating the fort, even if the commander had desired to do so. The next morning dawned warm and cloudless. Inside the stockade the last preparations for the toilsome journey had been made. No chronicler was present to record the final scenes, but the imagination can find little difficulty in picturing them. With all its rudeness and privation, the Chicago they were leaving was home to the members of the little party—for some the only one they had ever known. Here the Lees had lived for a half a dozen years; here their

children had been born, and had passed their happy childhood. Here the Kinzies had lived for an even longer time, and had attained a substantial degree of prosperity. Here the soldiers had hunted and skated and fished, and gone through their monotonous routine duties until they had become second nature to them. Here the talented young van Voorhis had dreamed dreams and seen visions of the teeming millions that were to compose the busy civilization of this region in the distant future. Hither in the spring of 1811 the commander had brought his beautiful Kentucky bride, who, true to her ancestry, had fallen in love with the wilderness; and here, three months before, her life had been darkened by its first great tragedy, the loss of her first-born son, "born dead for the want of a skilful Midwife." We do not know the thoughts and forebodings that filled the mind of each member of the little wilderness caravan, but doubtless home was as dear, and anxiety for the future as keen, to the humbler members of the party as to those whose names are better known.

Without, in the marshes and prairies and woods that stretched away from the fort to south and west and north, the savages were encamped. For them, doubtless, the preceding days had been filled with eager debate and anticipation. The former had concerned the momentous question whether to heed the advice of the Americans to remain neutral in the war between the white nations, or whether to follow their natural inclination to raise the hatchet against the hated Long Knives and in behalf of their former Great Father. The latter had hinged about the visions of wealth hitherto undreamed of to flow from the distribution of the white man's stores among them; or about the prospect, equally pleasing to the majority, of

taking sweet if belated revenge for the long train of disasters and indignities they had suffered at the hands of the hated race by the slaughter of its representatives gathered here within their grasp. As day by day the runners came from the Detroit frontier with news of the ebbing of Hull's fortune, and with appeals from Tecumseh to strike a blow for their race, the peace party among them dwindled, doubtless, as did the hope of Hull's army. Now, at the critical moment, on the eve of the evacuation, when, if ever, the blow must be struck, had come a final message from Tecumseh with news of Hull's retreat to Detroit and of the decisive victory of August 5 over a detachment of his troops at Brownstown. With this the die was cast, and the fate of the garrison sealed. The war bands could no longer be restrained by the friendly chiefs, to whom was left the rôle of watching what they could not prevent, and saving such of their friends as they might from destruction.

The stage is now set for Chicago's grimmest tragedy. Let us pause a moment to take note of some of the actors before the curtain is lifted for the drama: John Kinzie, the trader, forceful and capable, with more at stake financially than anyone else in the company, but, of vastly greater importance, with a surer means of protection for the lives of himself and family in the friendship of the Indians; Chandonnai, the half-breed, staunch friend of the Americans, whom all authorities unite in crediting with noble exertions to save the prisoners; the friendly Potawatomi chiefs; Alexander Robinson, who was to pilot the Healds to safety at Mackinac; and Black Partridge, who had warned Captain Heald of the impending attack, and who soon would save the life of Mrs. Helm. Among the hostile lead-

ers were Black Bird, probably the son of the chief who had assisted the Americans in plundering St. Joseph in 1781; and Nuscotnemeg, or the "Mad Sturgeon," already guilty of many murders committed against the whites. There were, of course, many other chiefs of greater or less degree and reputation. Then there were the officers and their wives: Heald, the commander, old in experience and responsibility if not in years; his beautiful and spirited young wife, whose charm could stay the descent of the deadly tomahawk, and whose bravery extort the admiration of even her savage captors; Lieutenant Helm and his young wife, who preferred to meet the impending danger by the side of her husband; finally, the younger men, van Voorhis and Ronan, whose lives were so soon to be snuffed out.

Sadder, however, than any of these was the situation of some of the humbler members of the party. That a soldier should face death with composure was to be expected; that a soldier's wife should brave danger by his side was no rare thing in the annals of the frontier. But the officers' wives were mounted, and whatever might happen on the weary march, they were certain to receive the best care and attention the resources of the company could afford. There were, too, in their case no children for whom to provide or worry. But what of the state of mind of those members of the Chicago militia, who in addition to abandoning their homes were burdened with wives and children, and with inadequate means of providing for them? What of Mrs. Burns and Mrs. Simmons with their babes of a few months and the hardships of the march before them? What of the wife of Fielding Corbin, with the pangs of approaching maternity upon her and the prospect of the dreary journey before her? Perhaps it was a mercy a period was soon to be

put to her trials. Finally, what of the innocent babies, whose bright eyes were looking out, doubtless, in uncomprehending wonder, upon the unwonted scene of bustle and excitement around them?

The morning of the fifteenth dawned hot and cloudless. All being in readiness, at nine o'clock the stockade gate was thrown open and the garrison issued forth, advancing, Mrs. Kinzie reports, to the music of the "Dead March." In advance rode Captain Wells with a portion of his Miami warriors, alert and watchful for signs of a hostile demonstration. In due array followed the garrison, the women and children who were able to walk, and the Chicago militia, the rear being brought up by the remainder of the Miami. Two baggage wagons had been provided, in one of which most of the children, too young to walk, had been placed, accompanied, probably, by one or more of the women. Mrs. Helm and Mrs. Heald were mounted and near or with their husbands, although both couples became separated early in the combat. Some, at least, of the other women were mounted, while those remaining, together with the older children, were on foot around the wagons, which were guarded by Ronan, van Voorhis, some of the married soldiers, and the twelve Chicago militia.

The route taken led due south, parallel with the river, until its mouth was reached, and then along the beach. On the right of the column moved a band of Potawatomi, but ominous of evil was the fact that most of the promised escort of Indians were nowhere in sight. Below the mouth of the river began a row of sand-hills, or ridges, which ran parallel to the beach at a distance of about one hundred yards. On reaching the head of these, the garrison continued along the beach, while the Potawatomi escort dis-

appeared behind the ridges to the right. When the head of the column had gone about a mile and a half from the fort, Wells, who with his Miami was somewhat in advance, discovered that the Indians had prepared an ambush for the soldiers and were in readiness behind the sand-hills to open fire upon them. Having noted a position favorable for defense a short distance ahead, Wells rode rapidly back toward the main body to urge Heald to press forward and occupy it, swinging his hat in a circle around his head as he went, as a signal that the party was surrounded. The heads of the warriors now became visible all along the line, popping up "like turtles out of the water." Facing the troops to the right, Captain Heald ordered them to charge the sand-hills. Although a fusillade of musket fire from the hidden warriors poured down upon them, the attack was pushed home in gallant style, the ridge was gained, and the Indians driven from it. But the charge proved as futile as it was brave. The warriors gave way in front only to join their fellows in another place, on the flank or in the rear, and the fight went on, with the soldiers steadily falling.

Meanwhile, a deadlier combat was raging around the wagons in the rear. In the charge upon the sand-hills and in the ensuing movements, Heald and most of the soldiers became separated from those in the rear, where the helpless women and children had been placed. The Indians swarmed around in overwhelming numbers, some, apparently, coming from the front to share in the contest at the wagons. The combat here was furious, being waged hand to hand in indiscriminate confusion. The militia, fighting desperately with bayonet and musket-butt, were cut down to a man. But one, Sergeant Burns, escaped instant death, and he, grievously wounded, was slaughtered an

hour after the surrender by an infuriated squaw. Ronan and van Voorhis shared their fate, as did the regular soldiers; the only white man who survived the slaughter at the wagons was Kinzie, whose Indian affiliations proved sufficient to carry him unscathed even through such a gory scene. Some of the soldiers' wives, even, armed with swords, hacked bravely away as long as they were able. In the course of the mêlée, besides those who were wounded, two of the women and most of the children were slain.

The butchery of these unfortunate innocents constitutes the saddest feature of the gory day. The measure which had been taken to insure their welfare was responsible for their destruction; for while the conflict raged hotly, a young savage broke through the defenders of the wagons and, climbing into the one containing the children, quickly tomahawked all but one of them. Of the two women slain, one was the wife of Fielding Corbin, a soldier of the garrison, who had resolved never to be taken prisoner, dreading more than death the indignities she believed would be in store for her. Accordingly she resisted all efforts to overpower her, fighting until cut to pieces. The other was Cicely, Mrs. Heald's slave girl. She and her infant son, who perished in the baggage wagon, offer two definite instances of negroes being held as slaves in early Chicago. John Kinzie had sought to purchase Cicely of her mistress, offering the sum of $600 for her, and over forty years after the massacre Mrs. Heald, now an old woman, was vainly seeking to secure from Congress compensation for the loss she had suffered in the killing of Cicely and her child.

While the slaughter was going on around the wagons, Captain Wells, who had been fighting in front with the main body of troops, started back to the rear to engage in

a last effort to save the women and children. His horse was wounded, and he himself shot through the breast. His horse now fell, throwing him prostrate on the ground with one leg caught under its side. Some Indians approaching, he continued to fire at them, killing one or more from this position. A warrior now took aim at him, seeing which, Wells signed to him to shoot, and his stormy career was ended. The foe paid their sincerest tribute of respect to his bravery by cutting out his heart and eating it, thinking thus to imbibe the qualities which had animated its owner. Although his effort to save the garrison and settlers proved vain, Wells was the real hero of the massacre, giving his life voluntarily for others. One of the busiest streets of the modern city, named in his honor, fittingly acknowledges the debt which Chicago owes to his memory.

The close of another brave career was dramatic enough to deserve separate mention. During the battle Sergeant Hayes, who had already manifested the greatest bravery, engaged in individual combat with an Indian. The guns of both had been discharged, when the Indian ran up to him with uplifted tomahawk. Before the warrior could strike, Hayes ran his bayonet into his breast up to the socket, so that he could not pull it out. In this situation, the Indian tomahawked him, and the foemen fell dead together, the soldier's bayonet still in the red man's breast.

We left Captain Heald and the main body of the garrison valiantly charging the Indians in the sand-hills. The Miami warriors had fled from the scene at the first sign of hostilities. After a few minutes of sharp fighting, Heald drew off with such of his men as still survived to a slight elevation in the prairie, out of shot of the bank or any other cover. Here he enjoyed a momentary respite, for the

warriors had no desire, apparently, to press the fight at close quarters. Thus far the battle had lasted but fifteen minutes, yet half of the garrison had fallen, Wells and the two younger officers were dead and the other two wounded, and the survivors were hopelessly beaten. The alternatives before them were to die fighting to the last or to surrender and trust to the savages for mercy. After some delay the Indians sent forward a half-breed Potawatomi, Pierre le Claire, who had lived near the fort and been an employee of Kinzie, to make overtures for a surrender. Heald advanced alone toward the Indians, and was met by Le Claire and Black Bird, one of the hostile chiefs, who invited him to yield, promising to spare the lives of the prisoners. The soldiers at first opposed the proposition, but after some parleying the surrender was made; as a further inducement to the savages to spare the prisoners, Heald promised to pay a ransom of one hundred dollars for everyone still living.

The captives were now led back to the beach and thence along the road toward the fort, over which they had passed but an hour before. In their way they came upon the scene of the slaughter around the wagons. Lieutenant Helm records his horror at the sight of the men, women, and children "lying naked with principally all their heads off." Among the slain, he thought he perceived the body of his wife, with the head severed from the shoulders. The sight almost overcame him, and he "now began to repent" that he had ever surrendered. He was happily surprised, however, on approaching the fort to find her alive and unharmed, sitting weeping among some squaws. The story of her preservation from death in the battle will be related in our following chapter.

The white force in the brief action numbered fifty-five regulars of Heald's company, the twelve Chicago militia, and Wells and Jordan. But for their instant desertion at the first sign of trouble, the thirty Miami who had followed Wells to Chicago would deserve to be included in this enumeration. Neutral observers of the conflict were John Kinzie and several of his employees, and a number of Frenchmen and half-breeds whose Indian affiliations and friendships secured them from the avenging wrath of the warriors. The strength of the latter was commonly estimated at about five hundred. The whites were better armed and organized, but their opponents fought with every advantage of position and celerity of movement in their favor. The soldiers, moreover, were incumbered with the helpless women and children, and with the baggage essential to a tedious wilderness march of several hundred miles. Under the circumstances, the odds in favor of the red men were overwhelming, and their easy victory a matter of course, notwithstanding the fact that the soldiers fought steadily and desperately to the end. Twenty-six of the regulars, the twelve militia, Captain Wells, two women, and twelve children comprised the roll of the slain. Although disastrously defeated, the conduct of the little Fort Dearborn garrison brought no disgrace upon the American flag. In military circles it is regarded as axiomatic that a battle loss of 25 per cent is the maximum punishment which disciplined troops will endure. Captain Heald's company suffered a loss of 50 per cent in slain alone without breaking, and at the conclusion still held grimly on, a tiny island in a sea of enemies, until terms of surrender were agreed upon.

Following the surrender came the customary scenes of savage cruelty. Although no wholesale massacre ensued, it

was not to be expected that the savages, flushed with blood and triumph, would scrupulously respect their promise to spare the lives of the prisoners. Compared with their conduct in other fields, their action at Chicago was relatively humane. Some of the wounded were put to death, and several of the prisoners were tortured at the stake. For the remainder of the day and the night which followed it, the victors surfeited themselves with plundering and destruction. On the following day the buildings of the fort were set on fire and the bands scattered to their several villages, carrying in their train their dismayed, despairing captives. The corpses on the lake shore, bloody and mutilated, were left to the buzzards and the wolves. But civilization had not entirely vanished from Chicago, for the houses outside the stockade remained unharmed, and for the moment, at least, some of them continued to shelter their accustomed occupants.

CHAPTER IX
SOME WHO SURVIVED

Ninety-six persons comprised the doomed company which marched out of Fort Dearborn's gateway on the morning of August 15 to begin the journey of death; forty-three remained alive at the close of the fierce battle among the sand dunes, to face the horrors of Indian captivity. These figures do not include John Kinzie and his family, who were regarded as neutral onlookers of the struggle between the two races; nor do they include the few French and half-breed settlers who were accorded a like status by the savages. The paucity of contemporary records leaves the fate of some of the survivors a mystery, while concerning the fortunes of others we have ample information. The trials endured by the latter group may have been no more interesting or noteworthy than by those whose fate is now buried in oblivion; yet our present chapter of necessity must concern itself with the fortunes of those whose story has been preserved.

Of the forty-three who survived the battle, twenty-nine were soldiers, seven were women, and six children; the name of Walter Jordan, who came with Captain Wells from Fort Wayne, completes the list. Hardly had the fighting ended and the surrender been achieved when the dreary work of torture began. Captain Heald had obtained the promise that the lives of the prisoners should be spared, but this was promptly violated. In extenuation of the violation it should be remembered that among the Indians

governmental organization was largely nonexistent, and the chief whose promise was given to Captain Heald could claim the allegiance of but a minor portion of the hostile warriors. Concerning the details of the tortures inflicted, we are, for the most part, mercifully ignorant, nor do we know with entire certainty the identity of the sufferers. That five members of the garrison were thus done to death the night succeeding the battle is clear. Two of them, Micajah Dennison and John Fury, had been badly wounded. It is highly probable, although not absolutely certain, that the remaining sufferers were Richard Garner, James Latta, and Thomas Poindexter. It is probable, although nowhere expressly stated, that they, too, had been wounded in the battle, and that this fact determined their subsequent doom, since the savages were prone to put wounded prisoners to death.

The story of Thomas Burns, another victim, requires separate narration. He was a married man, and had been a member of the Fort Dearborn garrison under Captain Whistler. When his term of enlistment expired in June, 1811, he remained at Chicago, living with his family in a house on the north bank of the river some distance above the Kinzie place. Mrs. Burns had formerly been married to a man named Cooper, and one or more children of this union were members of the Burns family. Another child had been born on April 6, 1812, the day of the murders at the Lee farm. When, consequent upon this affair, Captain Heald enrolled the Chicago militia, he appointed Burns sergeant of the organization. In the slaughter at the baggage wagons Burns fought desperately against overwhelming odds until disabled by the wounds inflicted upon him. An hour later he was "inhumanly murdered" in the Pota-

watomi encampment near the fort, before the eyes of the helpless commander. Mrs. Helm, who also witnessed the scene, relates that an elderly squaw, excited to demoniac fury, assaulted him with a stable-fork while he "lay groaning and writhing in the agony of his wounds." A friendly chief, Waubeeneemah, sought to spare Mrs. Helm the dreadful scene by interposing a mat beween her and the actors, but the screams of the victim continued to assail her ears. Years afterward, Sergeant Griffith, in a letter to Captain Heald, recalled to his memory "the soldier-like conduct" of Burns in the battle, "while engaged with an unequal force of savages." Although his rôle in life was a humble one, he was a brave and steadfast soldier.

On the day after the massacre, the fort having been burned and the plunder and the prisoners divided, the warriors began to scatter to their various homes. The dreary story of the hardships endured by the miserable captives, and of the cruelties meted out to them by their masters, is relieved, happily, now and then by some act of kindness or generosity calculated to prove that humanity and gentleness were qualities not entirely unknown even to the savage red men. Ultimately the majority of the prisoners were to find their way back to civilization, but for many death offered the only avenue of escape from savagery. For some, indeed, death must have come as a welcome relief from sufferings far more dreadful.

So it must have come to Mrs. Needs, the wife of one of the soldiers. Her husband, her child, and herself all survived the massacre only to die in captivity. Perhaps the saddest fate of all the doomed company was that which befell the child. Annoyed by the crying to which hunger and privation drove it, the captors tied it to a tree and resumed

their march, leaving it to perish of starvation and exposure or to become the prey of some wild beast. In January, 1813, the husband died, probably of the hardships of his captivity, although the brief record left us contains no indication of the cause. Still later the wretched mother perished from cold and hunger.

In addition to Needs, five more of the soldiers perished in captivity, while eighteen sooner or later effected their return to civilization. William N. Hunt was frozen to death. Michael Lynch and John Suttenfield shared a common fate. Both were badly wounded in the battle; both fell into the hands of the Illinois River Potawatomi; and both were slain by their captors a few miles out of Chicago on the first day of the homeward march. A like fate overtook Hugh Logan, who was tomahawked when unable, from excessive fatigue, to keep pace with his captors. August Mortt was slain in the winter of 1813, after the exposure and hardships of his captivity had driven him "out of his head."

With relief we turn from these tragic details to take note of the efforts which were being made to restore the captives to civilization. On September 9, 1812, General Procter, whom General Brock had left in command of Detroit, communicated to his chief the news of Fort Dearborn's fall, expressing regret over the massacre and denying that the British had had any knowledge of the intended attack, or any influence over the Indians engaged in it. At the time of writing the letter, Procter believed that Captain and Mrs. Heald and John Kinzie were the only survivors of the massacre, and no suggestion was made by him of measures for the relief of the captives. Two weeks later, however, the Healds and Sergeant Griffith reached Detroit, bringing in-

formation that nearly half the Fort Dearborn garrison and a number of women and children were captives among the Indians. With Hull's surrender, Detroit and Michigan Territory had passed under British military control, but an alert and valiant defender of his country's interests appeared in the person of Judge Augustus B. Woodward. On the strength of the information supplied by Heald and Griffith he addressed a letter to Procter reciting that over thirty Americans had been carried into captivity by the savages, and urging that immediate measures be taken to secure their release. He suggested that a special messenger be dispatched to Chicago charged with the duty of collecting the surviving captives, and supplied with means to convey them either to Detroit or to Mackinac. He also urged that Captain Roberts, commander of the latter place, be instructed to co-operate in the effort to rescue the captives, and he assured Procter that any money devoted to this task would be repaid either by the government of the United States or by private individuals.

In consequence of this bold and manly appeal, tardy measures were instituted by Procter which resulted in the rescue of several of the captives. Woodward was assured that all possible measures would be taken to secure their release, and in a communication to General Brock two weeks later, Procter stated that the chiefs concerned in the massacre had been informed of his desire that the captives be brought in to him. Months passed, however, and not until the departure of Robert Dickson for the West in February, 1813, were any active measures instituted to recover them.

Dickson had gained the approval of the British authorities for an expansive project of collecting the warriors of

the Upper Mississippi region at Green Bay and Chicago in time to participate in the campaign of 1813 in the Detroit area, and was now returning to the West intent upon executing this enterprise. In March, he was at St. Joseph, where he was informed that the Fort Dearborn captives still in the hands of the Indians numbered seventeen men, four women, and several children. He at once took steps to secure them, and expressed confidence that he would succeed in getting them all. On March 22, 1813, he was at Chicago, where he found the powder magazine and the houses adjoining the fort in a good state of preservation. Hastening on toward the Mississippi, by June he was back at Mackinac at the head of six hundred warriors. Apparently, in the press of other matters he neglected to report upon his further measures for the relief of the captives. In May, 1814, however, nearly two years after the massacre, nine members of the Fort Dearborn garrison arrived at Plattsburg, New York, from Quebec. They related that after the massacre they had been taken to the Fox River country and there distributed among the Indians as servants. In this situation they remained about nine months, when they were ransomed by a "French trader" acting under the instructions of General Procter. The date of their ransoming coincides with Dickson's arrival at Chicago. Two Illinois River traders, Dupain and Buison, wintered at Chicago, and it is apparent that these men (or one of them) were assigned by Dickson the task of procuring the captives from their masters. From Chicago they were sent on to Amherstburg, at the mouth of the Detroit River, and thence to Quebec, where they arrived November 8, 1813. The following spring, as we have already seen, nine of them made their way to Plattsburg. Something of the experi-

ences of three of the nine, Joseph Bowen, James Corbin, and Paul Grummo are known, and the story of Corbin will be related presently; of the six remaining, nothing more has been learned than the facts presented above.

Of the seven women made captives, only Mrs. Needs perished, while of the six children, the only one to die was her child. Information—in some cases abundant—concerning practically all of these captives has been preserved. Of Mrs. Lee's experiences, a curious story is recorded by Mrs. Kinzie. Save for an infant child, her entire family perished in the massacre. The mother and infant had the good fortune to fall into the hands of Black Partridge, who lived on the Illinois River. Following his return to his village, the Lee infant fell ill and Black Partridge fell in love, instituting a campaign for the hand of Mrs. Lee. Unable to cure the child, he carried it to Dupain at Chicago for treatment. The trader not only prescribed for the child, but, having learned of Black Partridge's designs upon its mother, he proceeded to ransom her, and then in turn to marry her. Mrs. Kinzie's story, written many years after the massacre, receives contemporary confirmation in one important respect. Writing on April 10, 1813, to Captain Heald, Thomas Forsyth, of Peoria, states that Dupain and Buison, who have been wintering at Chicago, have "bought off" Mrs. Lee and her child, and another woman, whom the writer supposes to be Mrs. Burns.

To the story of the latter's experience we may now turn. Besides her husband, at least three of her children (one of them a son old enough to be enrolled in the Chicago militia) perished in the massacre. Two children, along with the mother, were numbered among the captives. One of them, Isabella Cooper, was a child of about nine, and a

daughter of Mrs. Burns's first marriage. Mrs. Kinzie relates in *Wau Bun* that Mrs. Burns and her infant became the property of a chief who conveyed them to his village. There his wife, jealous of the favor exhibited by her lord and master toward the white woman and her child, treated them with the greatest hostility, and on one occasion sought unsuccessfully to brain the infant with a tomahawk. Soon after this outburst the prisoners were removed to a place of safety (presumably ransomed by Dupain and Buison). The author further relates that twenty-two years after the massacre she encountered a young woman on a lake steamer who, hearing her name, introduced herself to Mrs. Kinzie, and raising her hair from her forehead displayed the mark of the tomahawk which so nearly had proved fatal to her.

Another story of Mrs. Burns's captivity was supplied long after by a son of Abraham Edwards, who was for a half-century a prominent citizen of Michigan. Edwards settled at Detroit in 1816, where the family made the acquaintance of Mrs. Burns, whose daughter, Isabella Cooper, became an inmate of the Edwards home.

The Edwards narrative relates that Isabella rode with her mother and infant sister in one of the wagons on the day of evacuation. A young Indian pulled her out by the hair and throwing her to the ground had scalped and was about to tomahawk her when a squaw intervened and saved her life. The rescuer later took the child to her wigwam, where she cared for her and healed her wound, although a spot on her head the size of a silver dollar remained bare. Isabella and her mother and sister remained among the Indians about two years, when they were purchased by some traders and sent to Detroit.

This narrative, recorded fifty years after the massacre, is probably inaccurate in some respects, but we have contemporary evidence that in 1820 Mrs. Burns and her children were living in Detroit. A number of army officers became interested in procuring her a pension, and in this connection Captain Heald, now a Missouri farmer, was appealed to for a certificate reciting the services and death of Burns as leader of the Chicago militia. The Bureau of Pensions possesses no record of any pension having been granted to Mrs. Burns, which seems to establish that the government refused to minister to the needs of the widow who had suffered so grievously in the Chicago massacre. Edwards records that Mrs. Burns died at Detroit about the year 1823, and that the daughters were living there in 1828, the year he left Detroit. Their story is continued in the parish records of Detroit's oldest Catholic and Episcopal churches. On January 12, 1829, Isabella Cooper married George Fearson, and two days later her sister, Catherine, married Joseph Kidd. Fearson was a younger brother of Mary Julia, wife of William Whistler. In the early Detroit directories he is listed as a master mariner. Several children were born to him and Isabella Cooper, and the family was living in Detroit as late as 1847.

The story of Mrs. John Simmons and her infant daughter is replete with thrills and interest. Her husband was one of the private soldiers who perished in the battle. Her two-year-old son, David, was one of the dozen children slaughtered by the young savage in the wagon. Mrs. Simmons, on foot, survived the massacre and succeeded in preserving her infant daughter, a babe of six months, whom she carried in her arms. In the division of the captives, Mrs. Simmons fell into the hands of some savages from

Green Bay, who took up their homeward march the morning after the massacre. Mrs. Simmons accompanied them on foot, carrying her babe the entire distance of two hundred miles or more, and performing much camp drudgery in addition. The hardships of the march were as nothing in comparison with the reception which awaited its conclusion. The women and children streamed out as the party approached its village, and greeted the captives with insults and blows, kicking and otherwise abusing them, after which they were placed in confinement to await their final ordeal on the following day.

In the morning the village was astir early, and preparations were made for subjecting the captives to the ordeal of running the gauntlet. The trial was a fearful one, even for a hardened soldier. A long double line was formed by the villagers, and each of the captives was compelled to run down this lane of torment, while the natives belabored him with clubs and sticks. Finding that her sex offered no excuse from the ordeal, Mrs. Simmons shielded her babe in her arms and ran rapidly down the lane, reaching her goal bleeding and bruised, but with the infant still unharmed. An elderly squaw now led her into her wigwam, and, having washed her wounds, gave her food and an opportunity to rest. The new friend continued her kindly services as long as Mrs. Simmons remained in the same village with her; and the captive ever after spoke of her benefactor as her "Indian mother."

After months of captivity and hundreds of miles of weary travel, Mrs. Simmons at length reached Detroit, and from there journeyed to her parental home near Piqua, Ohio, where she arrived in the spring of 1813. Three years before, with husband and baby son, she had set out for her

new home at Fort Dearborn. Both husband and son were dead and she now returned a widow, but with another child, who had been born at Fort Dearborn in February, 1812. Safe among her former friends, the brave woman at last broke down; to use her own language she "did nothing but weep for months."

Mrs. Simmons lived in later life at Springville, Iowa, where she died in 1857. Susan, the infant companion of her captivity, grew to womanhood, married, and after many years of residence in Iowa spent her declining years in California. She was destined to become the last survivor of the Fort Dearborn massacre, dying at Santa Ana, April 27, 1900.

James Corbin, who came to Chicago with Captain Whistler in 1803 and served continuously until the destruction of the fort he had helped to build, has left an interesting narrative of the battle and of his subsequent captivity. He received gunshot wounds in hip, thigh, and heel, and a deep tomahawk wound in the shoulder. His captors permitted him to ride a horse on the homeward journey to their village on the Illinois, but scant mercy was shown him thereafter. Although the captives were allowed to forage in the cornfields, Corbin, unable to walk, was forced to go without food for days together. He later recovered the ability to walk, and during the winter was sent with a squaw and a boy to procure some kettles which the natives had used in making sugar the spring before. Corbin was still weak, the snow was deep on the ground, his clothing was pitiably inadequate, and he was compelled to carry a pack. When he broke down under these hardships his companions abandoned him, and for seven days he remained without food, able only to crawl on hands and

knees for wood to maintain a fire. On the eighth day a warrior and his squaw came upon him, and, placing him upon a horse, took him to their camp. Thus the winter passed away, and some time in the spring of 1813 he was ransomed by Trader Buison, and conveyed by canoe to Mackinac. From here he was sent to Amherstburg, along with several other Fort Dearborn captives, by Captain Roberts, the British commandant. At Amherstburg the captives were confined in prison until the naval victory of Commodore Perry in September compelled the hasty evacuation of the country by General Procter. The captives were now consigned to distant Quebec, where Corbin arrived destitute of any clothing except an Indian breech-clout and a ragged vest, barefoot, and without hat or blanket. An American agent here supplied him with a suit of clothes and a few dollars in money, and in the spring of 1814 he was conveyed to Plattsburg, New York, where, being unfit for further military service he was discharged.

One might reasonably suppose that his troubles were now at an end, but Corbin's detailed narration of the cruel indifference displayed toward him by his own countrymen brings the blush of shame to the reader's face. His home was in Virginia, and by the time he reached Albany the scanty pay received at his discharge was exhausted, and he faced starvation in a land of plenty. Solely to escape such a fate, he re-enlisted, although quite unfit for military service. He was subsequently given a small pension, but in 1820 his name was stricken from the roll, the argument being gravely advanced that since savages kill their wounded prisoners, and since Corbin had not been killed, he could not have been wounded in the battle at Chicago. Six years later he succeeded in convincing the government

on this point, and was granted the munificent pension of four dollars a month. Twenty years later still, this pittance was doubled. The records of the Pension Bureau show that in January, 1855, Corbin was still living in Harrison County, Virginia.

The fortunes of the Kinzies may be recited in connection with the story of Lieutenant Helm and his wife. Mrs. Helm was on horseback when the fort was evacuated, and early in the battle seems to have been with the rear division in the vicinity of the wagons. Here, while the work of slaughter was going on, she drew aside, her own subsequent narrative relates, and, feeling that her hour was come, endeavored, with philosophic calmness, to prepare herself for her fate. It quickly approached in the person of a young demon with tomahawk upraised to sink into her brain. Dodging the blow, she grappled with her assailant, struggling desperately to gain possession of his scalping knife. The unequal contest was rudely terminated by an older warrior, who dragged her from the grasp of her younger foe and bore her, still struggling and resisting, rapidly toward the lake, where he thrust her under water to her head. Her fear of immediate drowning relieved, Mrs. Helm perceived that her captor was the friendly chief, Black Partridge, who had adopted this novel method of removing her from the scene of slaughter that was going on. At its conclusion he carried her back to *terra firma*, and conducted her to the Potawatomi camp outside the fort, where she presently witnessed the killing of Sergeant Burns which has already been described.

It had been arranged by Kinzie that Mrs. Kinzie and her four young children (the eldest but nine years of age and the youngest but two) should be taken around the lake

to St. Joseph under the care of the servants and some friendly Indians. The party was at the mouth of the river when the battle began, and here it observed, at a distance, the scene of conflict, at whose conclusion the entire family was reunited in the home from which the inmates had departed but an hour or two before. Although Black Partridge and some of the other Indians were their firm friends, their safety was imperiled by the arrival, two or three days after the massacre, of a party of warriors from Tecumseh's village on the Wabash, who had come to share in the destruction of the garrison. Disappointed in this design, with faces blackened and appetites whetted for blood and plunder, they drew near the dwellings of Kinzie and Ouilmette. In advance of their arrival, Mrs. Helm, who, as a recent comer to Chicago, was thought to be in especial danger, was hastily garbed in the costume of a French woman and sent over to Ouilmette's house. Here she was concealed beneath a feather bed against the wall while Mrs. Buison, Ouilmette's sister-in-law, sat on the front of the bed busied with her sewing. Stifled with the heat and almost overcome by fear and excitement, Mrs. Helm maintained her uncomfortable position until a search of the house satisfied the warriors that no Americans were concealed in it. They now proceeded to the Kinzie dwelling, where their threatening demeanor convinced the inmates that their final hour was at hand. At this critical juncture a friendly whoop was sounded by a party of newcomers on the south bank of the river. Their leader proved to be Billy Caldwell of the British Indian Department, the half-breed son of Colonel William Caldwell of Amherstburg, and in later years a chief of the Chicago Potawatomi. A resident of Amherstburg from boyhood, he was an old-time ac-

quaintance of the Kinzie's. His unexpected arrival and confident bearing so disconcerted the warriors that they presently yielded their murderous design, and, having begged some gifts from Kinzie, quietly departed. A day or two later he conducted his family, accompanied by Mrs. Helm, to St. Joseph, his former home, where the friendship of the natives afforded him a secure refuge. From here, after some weeks' delay, the family went on to Detroit, where it remained until the establishment of the new Fort Dearborn in 1816.

Lieutenant Helm, slightly wounded in the battle, was taken to the village of his captor, Mittatass, on the Illinois River. Before the party left Chicago, Mrs. Kinzie interceded so eloquently on behalf of her son-in-law with Mittatass that the latter a little later yielded him up to Thomas Forsyth in return for two mares and the promise of a keg of liquor "when practicable." After spending some time with his rescuer at Peoria, Helm proceeded to St. Louis, and from there, after a long delay, to his father's home in New York. Meanwhile, Mrs. Helm had succeeded in making her way from Detroit to the same place, where husband and wife were reunited in the spring of 1813. Compared with most of the prisoners, their sufferings were relatively slight.

A survivor of the battle whose captivity was brief was Walter Jordan, who accompanied Captain Wells to Chicago and there witnessed the death of his leader. Our only knowledge of Jordan's experiences is derived from a letter to his wife, written from Fort Wayne on October 12, 1812. So melodramatic is its recital that the reader is led to doubt the veracity of the author; yet no doubt exists that Jordan was in the battle, and that some, at least, of his

statements concerning it are measurably correct. He relates that at the close of the brief engagement all but fifteen of the whites—"and thanks be to God I was one of them" —were slain. Although he remained unhurt, his escape from injury was narrow enough: the first shot took the feather out of his cap, another cut the epaulet from his shoulder, and a third broke the handle of his sword. Without pausing to explain how a mere corporal came by such articles as epaulets and swords, he describes his surrender to "four damned yellow Indians," one of whom proved to be a warrior whom he had befriended on some former occasion at Fort Wayne, and the mutilation of the body of Captain Wells, whose heart was cut out and eaten by the warriors. "When they gulped all," the narrative continues, "they gathered in a round ring with us fifteen poor devils in the middle, and had like to fall out who should have the prisoners; but my old chief, the White Raccoon, held me by the hand. They stripped all of us to our shirts and trousers, and every family took one as long as they lasted, and then started for their towns." When night came, Jordan, looking "like a cat in a strange garret," was tied up "hard and fast"; he slept soundly, notwithtanding, until morning, when he was untied and set to parching corn. By telling his captors a "fine story," he avoided being tied the following night. Four days after the massacre he made his escape on a stolen horse, and after a seven days' ride through the wilderness arrived at Fort Wayne on August 27, barely in time to undergo the siege of that place.

Finally, we come to the story of the fortunes of the commander, Captain Heald, and his wife. Both were wounded in the battle, Captain Heald twice, and Mrs. Heald half a dozen times. At its close she was escorted back to the Pota-

watomi camp by her captor. Some squaws came out to meet her, and one of them endeavored to pull her saddle blanket from under her. Although she had been wounded in both arms, she discovered by trial that she could still ply her riding whip, and with several vigorous blows she drove the plunderer into retreat. The young chief who had her in charge greeted this display of spirit with a shout of hearty approval, exclaiming "Brave Squaw! Epiconyare! [the name by which Wells was known]."

The Indians who had secured possession of Captain Heald and his wife belonged to different bands. In response to Mrs. Heald's earnest entreaties, however, ably seconded by the efforts of Jean Baptiste Chandonnai, who purchased her from her captor with a mule and a bottle of whisky, she was allowed to share the company and the fate of her husband. On the day after the battle, their captors set out for St. Joseph with them, coasting around the shore of Lake Michigan in a canoe. After traveling for many hours, a young deer was seen coming down to the water to get a drink. The travelers drew close to the shore and the deer was shot by an Indian. They then pitched camp and dressed the animal. Using the hide as a kneading board, Mrs. Heald stirred some flour which they had brought along in a leather bag into a paste, which she wound around sticks and toasted over the fire. Captain Heald in later years declared that this was the best bread he ever ate.

Arrived at St. Joseph, the captives found temporary shelter and refuge in the house of William Burnett, the trader, while their wounds were treated by an Indian doctor. Before long most of the Indians departed to participate in the attack upon Fort Wayne. In their absence Cap-

tain Heald induced Alexander Robinson, a half-breed Potawatomi and later a chief at Chicago, to conduct them to Mackinac in his bark canoe. He was assisted by his squaw, and for the service Heald paid him one hundred dollars. With the party, too, went Sergeant Griffith of the Fort Dearborn garrison, another survivor of the massacre.

The distance to Mackinac was almost three hundred miles, and the canoe journey thither occupied sixteen days. The treatment accorded the fugitives by Captain Roberts upon their arrival affords a pleasant interlude in the story of their tedious journey back to civilization. He extended every kindness within his power to render their condition as comfortable as possible. Both Heald and Roberts were Masons, and, as Mrs. Heald related the story in after-years, they retired to a private room, where Heald told his story and asked for help and protection from the Indians, who, he feared, were in pursuit of him. Roberts felt doubtful of his ability to protect the fugitives, but he paroled Heald and permitted him to continue on to Detroit. Sergeant Griffith was allowed to accompany him, to be delivered up to General Procter on arrival. Instead of an open canoe, the party now secured transportation in a tiny sailboat, paying to the master seventeen dollars for it. Before the departure from Mackinac, Captain Roberts took out his pocket-book and urged Heald to help himself, saying he might repay the money if he ever reached home; if not, it would not matter. It was not necessary to accept the generous offer, however, for before the evacuation Mrs. Heald had taken the precaution to sew a sum of money in her husband's underclothing, and this he had succeeded in retaining when stripped of his uniform by his captors.

At Detroit, which was reached September 22, Heald re-

ported to General Procter, and received permission to rejoin his countrymen. Griffith, also, was allowed to continue on to the United States, on Heald's promise to prevent him from again serving in arms against the British until regularly exchanged. The party left Detroit for Buffalo on October 4, to which place they had been provided with transportation by Procter. The vessel which bore them was the "old Brigg 'Adams,' " which had often journeyed to Chicago on friendly missions during the life of the first Fort Dearborn. With the capture of Detroit, the "Adams" had fallen into the hands of the British, and as a British vessel now bore the defeated commander to Buffalo. From this place the travelers journeyed to Erie, and thence to Pittsburgh, which was reached on October 22. The Healds remained here sixteen days, during which time the commander wrote his official report of the massacre, and of his subsequent movements. Resuming their journey down the Ohio on November 8, they reached Louisville, Mrs. Heald's childhood home, eleven days later. In their captivity and flight three months of time had been consumed, and a circuit of almost two thousand miles had been traversed, almost all of it by water, much of the way in a canoe or open boat. Today one may journey from Chicago to Louisville by air in fewer hours than the Healds consumed months.

At the home of Mrs. Heald's parents the fugitives were greeted as people risen from the dead. Part of the booty taken by the Indians at the time of the massacre had been carried down the Illinois River and there sold to the whites. It chanced that Colonel O'Fallon, an old friend of the Healds, saw and recognized certain articles which had been their personal property. These he had purchased and sent

to Colonel Wells as a memento of his brother and his daughter, who were both supposed to have been slain. Most of these articles, including Captain Heald's sword, and a comb, finger ring, brooch, and other personal articles belonging to Mrs. Heald, are still treasured by her descendants.

Captain and Mrs. Heald spent the winter at her father's home, and in the spring of 1813 went to Newport, where the ensuing summer was passed. They shortly returned to the vicinity of Louisville, where in 1814 they purchased some land and began the erection of farm buildings, into which they moved late that fall. Captain Heald's wounds, which never ceased to trouble him, incapacitated him for further military service, and upon the reduction of the army in 1814 he was discharged. In 1817 he was granted a pension of twenty dollars a month, to date from the time of his discharge. During this year he removed from Kentucky to Stockland, now O'Fallon, Missouri, where he purchased a farm from Jacob Zumwalt which had been granted to the latter by the Spanish government toward the close of the eighteenth century. Here Captain Heald continued to reside until his death in 1832, and Mrs. Heald until her demise a quarter of a century later. Shortly before Heald's death his old benefactor, Chandonnai, paid him a visit, accompanied by a chief and a number of other Indians. The members of the party were on their way to Kansas to view the country and report to their people upon its desirability. They visited with Captain Heald, who caused a sheep and a beef to be killed for their entertainment, and talked over with them the story of the captivity. The Heald estate is still intact in the hands of the

grandchildren. The old homestead, built by the original proprietor of hewn walnut logs, with the flooring held in place by wooden pegs, still stands. Within its walls the first Methodist sacrament in Missouri is said to have been administered in 1807, by Rev. Jesse Walker, the pioneer of Methodism in Chicago. For many years the house has been unoccupied, but it is still in a partial state of repair.

CHAPTER X

CIVILIZATION RETURNS TO CHICAGO

The red actors in the gory affray of August 15, 1812, may well have believed that the slaughter they staged signalized the permanent recession of civilization from Chicagoland. But such a belief, if entertained, took account only of surface indications. The forces of savagery might triumph for the moment, but behind the forlorn band of whites who marched to their doom among the sand-heaps of the lake front lay the resistless energy of America's teeming millions. Tecumseh—amazing leader of a dying race—devoted his life to the organization of an Indian confederacy which he designed as a dam to hold back the advancing white race, which he viewed as a "White Devil with his mouth wide open," threatening to devour the red man; but Tippecanoe in 1811 disclosed the inability of the Indian confederacy alone to maintain the dam, while the battle of the Thames, two years later, registered the final downfall of the Indian race in the Northwest. At the Treaty of Ghent, which brought the War of 1812 to its close, the British negotiators argued earnestly to induce the United States to renounce its sovereignty over all of the Northwest outside the line drawn by the Treaty of Greenville of 1795, with the avowed object of creating an Indian reserve which should serve as a permanent barrier between the United States and Canada west of Niagara. But the futility of the project of the British diplomats was speedily manifested. The American representatives refused to con-

sider it, and even the Duke of Wellington advised them that the course of the war had afforded no basis for demanding a cession of American territory as the price of its termination. The treaty, as finally made, therefore, provided for a better definition of the boundary line between the two nations, but for no surrender of territory by either.

It remained for the United States to restore peace with the western Indians, whom the war had left a defeated and discouraged race. This was done in a series of treaties with the several tribes of the Northwest which decreed a mutual forgetfulness and oblivion of all acts of war, and a return to the status which the tribes had enjoyed in 1811, with respect to their relations with the United States. But no treaty could set back the hand of time. Slain Tecumseh in his unknown grave could not be restored to life, nor the ruin which had been visited upon the tribes, particularly of Michigan, Indiana, and Illinois, be undone; nor could the fierce hatred of the red man which burned in the breasts of the frontiersmen be blotted out. They were now flushed with victory and with a sense of their power over the tribes they had so long been accustomed to dread; while the red men were oppressed with the knowledge that they were now at the mercy of a race from which in reason scant mercy could be expected.

With the establishment of Fort Dearborn in 1803 the government had taken its first step toward asserting its sovereignty over the country west of Lake Michigan. Until 1812 Chicago had remained its sole center of authority in this region, and with the destruction of the Fort Dearborn garrison, and the attendant fall of Mackinac and Detroit, American authority in all the vast region between the

lakes and the Mississippi had vanished. Now, as a necessary step toward its re-establishment, the government planned, not merely to restore Fort Dearborn, but to establish new garrisons at the old French-Indian centers of Green Bay and Prairie du Chien, and still others at Rock Island and at the mouth of the Minnesota River (Fort Snelling). With the passage of time Fort Dearborn and Fort Howard (the latter at Green Bay) outlived their purpose and were discontinued; but Fort Snelling still remains an important military post, while at Rock Island has been developed the chief arsenal and military storehouse in the interior of the continent.

To the Third United States Infantry under the command of Colonel John Miller, then stationed at Detroit, was allotted the task of regarrisoning Fort Mackinac and of establishing the forts at Green Bay and Chicago; once established, the oversight of all three forts was to be lodged with Colonel Miller, with his station at Mackinac. To the Chicago garrison two companies were assigned, and in the temporary absence of Major Baker (who later commanded at Chicago), Captain Hezekiah Bradley, the ranking officer, led the detachment.

No details remain to us of the embarkation of the detachment at Detroit, but on June 30, 1816, it was off the Manitou Islands of Lake Michigan, on board the schooner "General Wayne," and on July 4 the garrison, 112 in number, arrived at Chicago. Save for the magazine, which had been built of brick, the fort and other public buildings were found to have been entirely destroyed, while the bones of those who had perished in the battle four years before still covered the scene of action. The houses on the north side of the river still stood, however, and we have already seen

that certain French traders had occupied them more or less regularly during the years of the war.

The rambling, old-age narrative of Moses Morgan, who was employed as a carpenter in the work of building the new Fort Dearborn, records many picturesque details not preserved in the scant official records of the time. Upon the arrival of the "General Wayne" the troops disembarked and established a temporary camp in a pasture near the fort site. Some garden seeds had been brought along, and one of the first tasks was to prepare a garden, probably on the site devoted to this purpose in the years before the war. The two Chicago half-breeds, Alexander Robinson and Antoine Ouilmette, with their squaws and ponies, were engaged to prepare the ground and with the aid given by the soldiers the task was soon accomplished. For some reason, however, the garden proved a failure. An enterprising Detroit trader, foreseeing a demand for vegetables at Chicago, had sent some Canadian half-breeds in advance of the garrison, and these men had planted a truck garden in May up the south branch, in the vicinity of the Lee farm. Its produce was now brought down to the post and in the absence of other competition was sold to the garrison at a high price.

The construction of the fort was prosecuted, meanwhile, as diligently as circumstances permitted, pit-sawyers and other workmen having been brought from Detroit to aid the garrison in the task. A grove of pine trees on the lake shore, somewhere in the vicinity of the north end of Lincoln Park, was selected for logging, and the logs were rafted down the lake to the mouth of the river, and up the stream to the fort site. Bands of Indians hovered around to gaze upon the wonders which the unwonted scene of activity

presented to their view, and to beg for tobacco and food. Their visits became so frequent and so obnoxious that a heavier guard was required to keep them away from the tents and the fort than was necessary to protect the camp by night. A detail of soldiers guarded the pit-sawyers at the pine grove on the north shore, who were engaged in sawing boards for roofs and floors. The natives remained peaceable, but the fears of the workmen were easily excited. From this unpromising situation a real romance presently developed. The disappearance of two of the Canadian sawyers, who when last seen had been in the company of an Indian, intensified the fears of their associates. Their anxiety was soon relieved, however, by the reappearance of the men accompanied by two young squaws, whom they had taken to wife. They had determined to join a band of Indians residing on the Calumet, and had returned to the fort for their saws, and the wages due them. Their requests were satisfied and they were permitted to depart, but not until the adjutant had read the marriage service to them and the garrison and workmen had celebrated the occasion with a holiday.

With the new fort constructed and the garrison re-established, life at Chicago resumed, in the main, the aspects which it had before the war. Fort Dearborn was no longer the remotest outpost of the United States in the Northwest, but it was still an isolated wilderness station, whose contacts with the outside world were relatively scant and infrequent. One day in October, 1817, Judge-Advocate Samuel A. Storrow, completing an overland journey from Green Bay to Chicago, was received by the inmates of Fort Dearborn "as one arrived from the moon." The manner of his reception sufficiently indicates that visitors to Chi-

cago were exceedingly rare in this period. During the summer months an occasional schooner from Detroit made the long and tedious journey around the lakes, conveying to Chicago supplies for the garrison or goods for the private traders. Periodically, too, the mail-carrier, usually a private soldier, conveyed the official dispatches and the few private letters to or from Fort Wayne and Fort Howard, the round trip consuming, under ordinary conditions, a month of time, during which the carrier was exposed to all the privations of lonely travel through the still primeval wilderness, and occasionally to insult or violence at the hands of drunken or disgruntled Indians.

Of those who had known Chicago in the years preceding the war, only a few returned to resume the existence which the massacre had so rudely interrupted. John Kinzie returned with his family in the autumn of 1816 to reoccupy the vacant house opposite the fort, and to attempt to reestablish himself in the Indian trade. His success in this was but limited, however, and within a few months he secured employment as interpreter for the Indian department and the government factor, and relinquished his own trading activities. Several years later, when Alexander Wolcott became Indian agent, Kinzie was also appointed subagent, receiving compensation for each appointment. In addition to his services to the government, he again entered the Indian trade during his later years, part of the time on his own account, and later as an agent of the American Fur Company.

A colorful resident of Chicago who may have lived here briefly before the war, and who certainly did for many years following it, was Jean Baptiste Beaubien. Member of a family long celebrated in the annals of Detroit, he

spent his life in the Indian trade west of Lake Michigan. Some time after the return of the garrison to Chicago, he procured a home adjoining the fort, where he lived for many years, much of the time in the employ of the American Fur Company. His attempt in the thirties to homestead the Fort Dearborn reservation occasioned much contemporary excitement and gave rise to a struggle which became notable in the annals of early Chicago.

In accordance with the custom of his time, Beaubien in early manhood lived with an Indian woman, and two half-breed sons were born to the couple. One of them, Madore, born in 1809, figured as a roistering blade of the settlement in the early thirties, but when the Potawatomi were removed from Illinois he followed his mother's race toward the sunset. Jean Baptiste Beaubien was a militia officer in the thirties, and bore by popular acclaim the title of colonel. His marital record was no less valiant than his martial one. When sixty-eight years old and already the father of thirteen children, he acquired a third wife, much his junior in years, and became the father of four more children. He died at Naperville in 1863, at the age of seventy-five years.

Another interesting Chicago figure, both before and after the war, was Charles Jouett of the Indian Department. He was a native of Virginia, and a neighbor and friend of President Jefferson. In 1802 he was appointed United States Indian agent at Detroit and in 1805 was transferred to the new agency at Chicago. Here he remained until 1811, when he resigned and settled in Kentucky, thereby escaping, for himself and family, the destruction of the following year. In 1815 he was reappointed to the Chicago agency, his second administration lasting

from 1816 to 1818. Until the coming of Dr. Wolcott in 1819, Jouett was thus Chicago's only Indian agent. He was a man of masterful temperament, of fine physical presence, six feet three inches in height, broad shouldered, and muscular. Among the Indians he was known as the "White Otter," and he exercised a commanding influence over them. His daughter recalled in after years that the red men were frequent visitors at her father's home, and that the dusky callers were especially kind to the children, her sister, and herself. Their nurse was an Indian girl, a faithful and devoted servant, who afterward married a soldier of the garrison. On leaving Chicago the second time Jouett again returned to Kentucky, where he had influential family connections, and here he lived until his death in 1834.

The restoration of Fort Dearborn was the signal for the return of the American traders to Chicago. The activities of Kinzie and Beaubien in this connection have already been noted. Among the early arrivals was John Crafts from Detroit, who came as the representative of a Detroit firm interested in the Indian trade. His trading-house was on the south branch, near the Lee farm, where the murders of April 6, 1812, were enacted. For several years he pursued his calling with more or less success, finally succumbing to the competition of the American Fur Company, into whose hands his establishment passed in 1822. Crafts entered the employ of the Company at the same time, continuing until his death at Chicago in the late summer of 1825. An obituary notice in the *Detroit Gazette* warmly praises his character and pleasing personality.

An interesting and important feature of the commercial life of Chicago for many years was the government factory

or Indian store, which struggled, more or less successfully, to supply the wants of the aborigines and to compete with the private merchants for their trade. This practical experiment in state socialism owed its inception to President Washington, who repeatedly urged upon Congress the desirability of establishing a system of government Indian trading-houses as a means of insuring peace on the frontier. Two were established in 1795, both in the Southwest. Here the experiment rested for several years, but in 1803, under the urging of President Jefferson, four additional stores were established, two of them at Fort Wayne and Detroit. The year 1805 witnessed the beginning of four more "factories," as the government trading-houses were officially styled, one of them at Chicago, where Fort Dearborn had been founded only two years earlier.

Save for the four-year interval caused by the war, the government Indian trading-house continued a feature of the life of Chicago until the abolition of the system in 1822. The three-year period beginning with 1805 witnessed the administrations of no less than three different factors at Chicago. In 1808 Matthew Irwin, of Philadelphia, was appointed to the position, although his actual assumption of its duties began in the summer of 1809. Thereafter until the outbreak of the war compelled the closing of the Chicago factory, Irwin remained in charge, its operations during these years being attended by a considerable measure of success. With the plans for restoring the factory after the war, Irwin was again appointed factor, but before the consummation of the plan he was assigned to the new factory at Green Bay, where he remained in charge until its abolition six years later.

Instead of Irwin, therefore, Jacob B. Varnum, who came

of an influential New England family, was appointed to the Chicago factory. His father had been speaker of the House of Representatives and was now a member of the United States Senate from Massachusetts. Joseph B. Varnum, an older brother of Jacob, had been appointed factor at Chicago in 1808, and after a short stay had been transferred to Mackinac. In later years he engaged in trade in New York City, where for forty years he was a noted and wealthy merchant.

The appointment of Jacob as factor at Chicago was made in the summer of 1815, and the plan then was to establish the factory before winter set in. On reaching Erie, en route to the West, however, Varnum learned that the military reoccupation of Chicago had been postponed until 1816, which involved the like postponement of the factory. Two tiny sailing vessels were about to proceed to Mackinac carrying the goods intended for the equipment of the Green Bay and Chicago factories, and Varnum went along to look after them. At Detroit a woman came aboard as a passenger for Mackinac. In order to provide accommodation for her, Varnum surrendered the berth he had occupied thus far, receiving in exchange one so near the bottom of the vessel that in rough weather the bilge water would spurt into it, keeping it wet most of the time.

The voyage proved tedious and stormy, and the master of the vessel an accomplished bully and tyrant. A sailor who became intoxicated was given one hundred lashes on his bare back and when he declined to promise not to repeat his offense the infliction of a second hundred was begun. At the entrance to Lake Huron the rapid current encountered made it difficult for the helmsman to hold the tiny vessel on an even course. Another man was ordered to

the wheel and the one relieved was given a dozen lashes. The new helmsman promptly encountered the same difficulty, and was as promptly relieved and flogged; and the process was continued until every sailor on board had taken his turn at the wheel and received his quota of lashes.

At Mackinac, Varnum remained until the summer of 1816, his time being occupied in reading, and in visits with the fishermen and other residents of the place. Among the passengers on the first vessel in the spring was a beautiful girl from Detroit who had come to visit her aunt. Varnum quickly fell in love with her, and when, three months later, he embarked with the factory goods for Chicago, she accompanied him as his bride. At Chicago an abandoned log hut outside the fort was assigned to the factor to serve as both storeroom and dwelling. It was about twenty feet square, and without a floor. Varnum caused a floor of puncheons to be laid, consisting of small logs split in half and laid with the flat surface uppermost, and procured the erection of a lean-to for a kitchen. Some of the goods were stored in the loft, while the remainder were intrusted to Kinzie for selling.

In this hovel the young couple passed a year, "pleasantly enough" according to Varnum's journal. In the spring Mrs. Varnum faced the prospect of approaching motherhood, with no servant, and no possibility of procuring any. In May, 1812, Captain Heald had recorded the birth, at Chicago, of his first-born son, "born dead for the want of a skilful midwife." More serious was Varnum's domestic tragedy, for the child was still-born and the trial killed the mother. With the babe in her arms she was buried a few yards from the house, in the month of June, 1817; over the

grave of mother and child the towers of Michigan Avenue today cast their afternoon shadows.

Two years passed, when Varnum joined Major Baker and John Dean, the army contractor, in a horseback journey to Detroit. They arrived after eleven days of travel, Varnum making his entry into the town after nightfall, covered with mud from head to foot as the result of being thrown from his horse into a swamp almost at the end of the journey. Detroit was still a small town, where each inhabitant displayed a keen interest in the affairs of all the rest. Upon Varnum's arrival with no ostensible business, the townsmen readily concluded that he had come in search of another Detroit bride. Although he denied such an intention, within two months he had confirmed the local gossip by contracting a second marriage. The bride this time was Catherine Dodemead, daughter of John Dodemead, Detroit's militant innkeeper. The marriage occurred on August 8, 1819, and a few weeks later Varnum embarked with his wife and her sister, Mary Dodemead, on a schooner for Chicago. Here the new wife began housekeeping under more agreeable circumstances than her predecessor had done. The soldiers had constructed a new dwelling for the factor, and besides her sister, Mrs. Varnum was accompanied to Chicago by two servants. By this time, too, several of the Fort Dearborn officers had brought their families to Chicago, and a spirit of sociability had begun to develop, evening parties, with dancing and other amusements, being frequently held.

The Chicago factory did not attain, in Varnum's time, the success it had enjoyed before the war. The explanation of this lay in part in defects inherent in the system under which the government conducted the trading-houses, while

in part it was ascribable to the powerful opposition of the American Fur Company. Operating from Mackinac as its western center, that organization undertook to monopolize the Indian trade of the Northwest. Having succeeded in large measure in overcoming the competition of the private traders, it turned upon the government trading-houses. By 1820 the trade of the Chicago and Green Bay factories had largely vanished, and it had been decided to discontinue them and establish a new one at Fort Snelling when Congress, urged on by Senator Benton of Missouri, determined in 1822 to abolish the entire factory system. The twenty-seven-year experiment in state socialism had achieved a limited measure of success, but had finally proved unable to cope with the combination of political and economic obstacles which confronted it. For several years following his removal from Chicago, Varnum conducted a mercantile business at Washington. In 1828 he removed to Petersburg, Virginia, where he lived, a prominent citizen, until the close of the Civil War. His later years were spent at Washington, where he died in 1874.

Major Daniel Baker, who for several years commanded the new Fort Dearborn, was an officer of much experience. He had obtained his first commission in 1799 and had served at Mackinac, Detroit, and other posts in the Northwest before the War of 1812. At Brownstown on August 9, 1812, he faced Tecumseh's Indians, and, although shot through the thigh, he did not quit his command until the enemy had fled from the field. At the Raisin River defeat and massacre a few months later Baker was numbered among the prisoners. He was conveyed to Amherstburg by his captor, where he was being led through the streets like an animal, by a rope tied round his body, when Henry J.

Hunt, a merchant of Detroit, procured his freedom by paying his Indian master the sum of eighty dollars for him. Although as an army officer Baker was ordered about from station to station, he regarded Detroit, where he had numerous relatives and considerable property, as his permanent home. In 1822, when stationed at Green Bay, he was ordered to Saginaw River, to establish a fort on the site of the present city of Saginaw. The year following an epidemic ravaged the garrison and Baker's wife and children (a son and a daughter), besides his younger brother, Lieutenant Nelson Baker, perished. In the autumn the fort was abandoned, and the garrison conveyed to Detroit. In 1826 Henry J. Hunt, now mayor of Detroit, died of an epidemic induced by the reburial of the soldiers slain in the Battle of Lake Erie. Mrs. Hunt was an accomplished woman and long a notable beauty. Major Baker conceived an affection for the widow of his former benefactor, and was planning to marry her when his own death occurred in October, 1836. In anticipation of his marriage he had made a will in which Mrs. Hunt was named as his principal beneficiary. He owned several pieces of real estate, including the farm still known as the Baker farm. From it, present-day Baker Street and the Baker Street car-line derive their names.

From September, 1821, to June, 1822, the commandant of Fort Dearborn was Lieutenant Colonel John McNeil. He came of a remarkable Scotch-Irish family, which about the year 1718 became established on the then frontier of New Hampshire. For generations his ancestors had been soldiers and leaders of their respective communities, and Colonel McNeil worthily upheld the family tradition. He was a giant in stature, six feet six inches in height, and for years the rival of General Scott as the tallest and heaviest

man in the United States Army. During the war he was twice breveted within a period of twenty days for distinguished conduct at the battles of Chippewa and Lundy's Lane, in the last of which he was severely wounded. He married Elizabeth Pierce, his first cousin, and the half-sister of Franklin Pierce, president of the United States in the fifties. In 1830 McNeil (now a brigadier general by brevet) resigned his commission to accept from President Jackson the appointment of surveyor of the port of Boston. His only son, a young boy during the years of his father's Fort Dearborn sojourn, was slain in battle in the Seminole War, in the autumn of 1837. For a daughter born to Mrs. McNeil at Fort Dearborn, the father subsequently claimed the distinction of having been the first child born in the new post.

The autumn of 1823 witnessed the evacuation of Fort Dearborn by the garrison, the War Department having decided, prematurely as it proved, that the maintenance of a military force at Chicago was no longer necessary. With the garrison, departed much of the life of Chicago. Dr. Alexander Wolcott, who had succeeded Jouett as Indian agent in 1819, married Ellen Marion Kinzie in July, 1823, and upon the departure of the garrison took up his residence in the fort. During the next few years little occurred at Chicago to stay the pen of the chronicler. Occasionally a new settler, moving well in advance of the frontier, would find his way here, while periodically the Indians, who still retained possession of the adjacent territory, would assemble to receive their annuities, whose payment had been stipulated in various treaties. Then, for a few days, the place would teem with savages and excitement, while the traders reaped a silver harvest. With the scattering of the

red men to their primitive abodes, the tiny settlement resumed its wonted state of somnolence.

In the summer of 1827 occurred the episode which has come to be known as the Winnebago War. A state of bad feeling between the two races on the Upper Mississippi provoked the murder of a white settler at Prairie du Chien and the attempted massacre of his entire family. The stage was set in readiness for the usual Indian war, when Governor Cass opportunely appeared upon the scene intent upon negotiating another treaty with the natives. With characteristic energy and promptness he hastened down river to St. Louis, traveling day and night, to summon the regulars under General Atkinson to the scene of danger. Returning to Wisconsin by way of the Illinois River route to Lake Michigan, he informed the Chicago settlement of the impending hostilities, and hastened to resume his journey, leaving the settlers in a state of fear which rapidly assumed panic proportions. Gurdon S. Hubbard was dispatched with an urgent appeal to the settlers on the Wabash to come to the defense of Chicago, and he rode the 120 miles to Danville in but little more than a day. A company of fifty mounted men, hastily enrolled for the occasion, marched to Chicago and there performed garrison service for a few days. Then, the panic subsiding, they joined the townsmen in a glorious drinking-bout and rode home from their bloodless campaign. The prompt movement of the military into Wisconsin, in consequence of the measures instituted by Governor Cass, quickly overawed the dissatisfied natives, and instead of war a new treaty was negotiated with the Winnebago in August.

The incipient war of 1827, however, entailed consequences of some importance to our story. The Indians had

been cowed, but not conciliated; the original causes of their dissatisfaction still remained, while the dispersal of the troops after the brief summer campaign emboldened them again. To control effectively the tribes west of Lake Michigan, it was determined to regarrison Chicago and Prairie du Chien and to establish a new fort at the Wisconsin Portage, to which the name Fort Winnebago was given.

Thus, on October 3, 1828, after an interval of five years, Fort Dearborn was reoccupied by a regular garrison, under the command of Major John Fowle of the Fifth Infantry. A native of Massachusetts, he entered the army in 1812 and served continuously until killed in a steamboat explosion in 1838. He continued in command of Fort Dearborn until December, 1830, when he was granted a six months' leave of absence and David Hunter, a young lieutenant of the Fifth Regiment, succeeded to the command. During these years Martin Scott, another lieutenant of the Fifth Regiment, whose uncanny marksmanship has won for him a permanent place in frontier annals, was a member of the Fort Dearborn garrison. Scott repeatedly distinguished himself by gallant service in the Mexican War, until a bullet pierced his heart at the storming of Molino del Rey in September, 1847.

Notwithstanding the conditions which had caused the return of the soldiery to Fort Dearborn, the months passed into years without any occasion for their service arising. In the spring of 1831, therefore, the fort was again abandoned and the garrison ordered to Green Bay. The schooner "Napoleon" was sent on from Detroit to convey the baggage and the families of the officers to the new destination, while the soldiers marched across country by way of Lake Geneva and Fort Winnebago. Since there

was as yet no harbor at Chicago, the "Napoleon" was compelled to anchor in the open lake, and the goods and passengers were conveyed to her in small boats pulling in and out through the mouth of the river. The process of loading her was slow and laborious, although the exposed station of the vessel afforded urgent reason for making all possible haste. At length all the baggage and other paraphernalia needful to so large an establishment had been placed on board, and it only remained to take on the passengers. At this juncture those on shore beheld the vessel, whose place of anchorage was half a mile distant, hoist her sails and leave her station for the open lake. The captain, who had been fuming with impatience over the delay, and the seemingly unnecessary number of boat-loads of baggage taken on board, had improved a strong east wind to vanish from view, leaving his passengers behind, bereft of all their usual domestic accommodations. There was plenty of food to be had, but the problem of cooking and serving it proved troublesome. Various expedients were resorted to. The wife of Lieutenant Engle, for example, "ate her breakfast off a shingle with her husband's jack-knife, and when she had finished, sent them down to Lieutenant Foster for his accommodation." Two days later the "Napoleon" put in an appearance and anchored off the bar which closed the river's mouth. The news spread like wildfire, and this time the passengers hastened aboard, with no unnecessary delay.

Over the head of Lieutenant Foster, who conducted the troops on the overland march to Green Bay, a sad tragedy was impending. In February, 1832, a private soldier whom he had placed in confinement for being intoxicated wrested the musket from the hands of his guard and with it shot

and killed the lieutenant. The culprit was tried for the murder and condemned to death, and the execution was conducted by Captain Scott, Foster's fellow-officer at Fort Dearborn.

At this point in our narrative we catch a single fleeting glimpse of another interesting member of the Fort Dearborn garrison. Mrs. Kinzie, whose family journeyed from Chicago to Fort Winnebago at the same time the soldiers were making the march to Green Bay, relates that at one of the night encampments her party was given a kettle of fresh milk by Mrs. Gardiner, the hospital matron, "who with her little covered cart formed no unimportant feature in the military group." The information that a number of milch cows attended the military hegira intrigues us less than that concerning Mrs. Gardiner, whose ministration to the Fort Dearborn garrison anticipated by a quarter of a century the service of Florence Nightingale in the Crimea. Presumably the army must have maintained other hospital matrons besides Mrs. Gardiner; save for Mrs. Kinzie's passing notice, however, we have found no mention of such service on the western frontier, nor any of Mrs. Gardiner's presence at Chicago. Like most pathbreakers of civilization, she has vanished into the silence of the past, leaving her story unrecorded and her fame unsung.

CHAPTER XI

THE BIRTH OF A METROPOLIS

Again the evacuation of Fort Dearborn proved premature, and a year later the soldiers returned to Chicago in greater numbers than ever before. The Black Hawk War, which brought them, marks the end of an era in the annals of Chicago. Far away from the picketed fort at the bend of the sluggish river forces had been developing which were to terminate forever the rule of the red man in the Northwest and usher upon the scene the modern world-metropolis. These were, in general the persistent westward advance of the American settler, and in particular the construction of the Erie Canal, whose creation was a master-stroke of economic statesmanship. It poured the limitless wealth of the western country into the lap of New York, making her, for all time apparently, the metropolis of the Atlantic seaboard. It poured a veritable flood of New England, New York, and alien-born settlers into the region of the Upper Lakes and the adjacent Mississippi Valley. It completely altered the character of Illinois, which hitherto had been inhabited chiefly by southern men and economically dependent upon New Orleans. By filling the upper Northwest with settlers, it compelled the birth of modern Chicago.

Before the influence of this far-reaching development could find local expression, the obstacle to white settlement presented by the Indian ownership of the country must be removed. The story of the cession of the Indian title to the

Northwest can here be only briefly told. The American colonies, on gaining their independence from Great Britain, succeeded to whatever title the parent-government had to the western country. Under English law the Indians were regarded merely as occupants of the soil, the ownership of which rested with the crown. The new American government at first claimed primary ownership of all the Northwest, a claim which the Indian occupants sternly repudiated. After years of warfare over this issue, a practical compromise was reached in the Greenville treaty of 1795 by which the Indians conceded to the United States the country south and east of the Greenville treaty line, while the American government recognized the Indian ownership (save for certain specific reservations) of all the Northwest outside the Greenville line. There followed, as a consequence of this recognition, the long series of treaties with the various tribes, whereby, piece by piece, the Indian title to the country was ceded to the white man. Although the fiction was observed of treating with the tribes as though they were independent powers, the Indian, in fact, had little power to oppose the white man's demands, and under color of voluntary bargaining his birthright was frittered away for an insignificant mess of pottage.

Two treaties negotiated at Chicago and one at St. Louis are of particular interest to our story. The first Chicago treaty, negotiated in 1821 by Governor Cass and Solomon Sibley of Detroit, attracted an assemblage of three thousand natives. The object of the treaty was to procure from the Potawatomi tribe a large tract of land in western Michigan, extending from Grand River to the Indiana line. At the opening of the council this object was stated to the chiefs, who displayed no desire to promote it. Speech-making in profusion ensued, interspersed with fre-

quent adjournments from day to day. Since the red men were being fed and amused at the expense of their Great Father, they saw no particular reason for hurrying the deliberations to a conclusion. Two weeks were thus passed, when at length an agreement was reached. The white men gained the desired cession, while to the Indians were granted certain trifling annuities, accompanied by an immediate distribution of goods. The treaty conveyed to white ownership the last remaining Indian lands in southern Michigan, but it still remained to procure from them the territory adjacent to Chicago in northern Illinois and southern Wisconsin. An incidental grant of much local interest was the privilege of laying out a road through the Indian country, thereby preparing the way for the construction of the famous Chicago Road from Detroit to Chicago, begun in 1825.

From the St. Louis treaty of November, 1804, evolved, nearly three decades later, the last Indian war Chicagoland was ever to know. A white man had been slain, and for this offense the supposed culprit, a member of the allied Sauk and Fox tribes, had been imprisoned at St. Louis. Several headmen of the tribe had gone down from Saukenuk, their ancient capital at the mouth of Rock River, to endeavor to procure the release of the captive. When the conference ended, Governor Harrison bore back to Vincennes the formal assent of the headmen to the cession of some fifty million acres of land, embracing the vast territory claimed by the Sauk and Foxes in Missouri, Illinois, and southern Wisconsin. To the natives was conceded a paltry annuity of one thousand dollars, together with the privilege of living on the land as long as it remained the property of the federal government.

Black Hawk, who presently rose to a position of leader-

ship among the Sauk, bitterly denounced this cession. In the War of 1812 the Sauk and Foxes were active allies of the British, and at its close they ignored the American invitation to conclude a treaty of peace. In 1816, however, under threat of chastisement, they yielded, and a treaty was concluded which confirmed the terms of the cession of 1804. In 1822 and again in 1825 this confirmation was repeated, but Black Hawk, who claimed not to have understood the significance of the treaty he had signed in 1816, refused to be a party to the later treaties. "What do we know," he later exclaimed in reciting the affair, "of the manner of the laws and customs of the white people? They might buy our bodies for dissection and we would touch the goose-quill to confirm it, without knowing what we are doing. This was the case with myself and people in touching the goose-quill the first time."

About the year 1823 squatters began to occupy the cornfields of the natives at Saukenuk, in clear violation of the terms of the treaty. There followed years of white aggression and native protest until in 1831 Black Hawk withdrew under duress to the western side of the Mississippi. The following spring he recrossed the river and began his tragic foray into the state of Illinois. On May 14 the advance division of the Illinois militia, which had been summoned to the field by Governor Reynolds, was driven in panic rout by a handful of Black Hawk's warriors. The terror of the fugitives was communicated to the settlers of the adjacent Illinois frontier, and even far eastward into Indiana and Michigan. Rumor, advancing with magic strides, multiplied many fold the number of Black Hawk's followers, and the settlers, abandoning their homes, fled for protection to the larger settlements or left the country en-

tirely. At Chicago, where a militia company had been enrolled in early May, the whole surrounding population gathered within the walls of Fort Dearborn, with two hundred armed men on guard; yet in the terror of the moment an appeal was dispatched to the governor of Michigan to send the militia of that territory to the defense of imperiled Chicago.

The appeal was heeded, and on June 12 a body of militia from Detroit encamped beside Fort Dearborn. Five days later two companies of regulars from Niagara arrived, commanded by Major William Whistler, and a few days after these a regiment of three hundred mounted men from Indiana reached Chicago. The Michigan soldiers were now sent home, and many of the settlers, their panic in some degree stilled, began to depart for their homes. While these events were transpiring on the frontier, at Washington President Jackson and Lewis Cass, now the secretary of war, were concerting measures for the prompt destruction of Black Hawk's followers. General Winfield Scott was ordered from the seaboard to take personal charge of the operations, while from various regular army posts throughout the East companies of infantry and artillery to the number of one thousand men were started for Chicago.

With them, however, came the Asiatic cholera. More dreaded than the hostile red man, it compelled the abandonment for the time being of all thought of prosecuting the war. The pestilence first appeared among the soldiers while on board the fleet of steamboats which bore them from Buffalo around the lakes to Chicago. Two of them got no farther than Fort Gratiot, at the entrance to Lake Huron, where the stricken soldiers, forgetful of discipline, dispersed in all directions. Upon the arrival at Chicago of

General Scott with the two remaining vessels of his fleet, Major Whistler's command vacated the fort, which was turned into a general hospital. For several days the pestilence raged, and of two hundred cases admitted to the hospital, fifty-eight terminated fatally. The terror inspired by the disease was due as much to its rapid progress as to its high percentage of mortality. On Scott's vessel, men died in six hours after being in perfect health. The surgeon in charge at the fort treated all cases with calomel and bloodletting, with such success, he reported, that he regarded the disease as "robbed of its terrors." Dr. Harmon, who attended Major Whistler's men, on the contrary, attributed his "success" to the fact that he did *not* use calomel, in treating the disease.

By the end of July the spread of the contagion was checked, and on the twenty-ninth General Scott, attended by a few officers, set out for Prairie du Chien, leaving orders for such of the troops as were fit for duty to follow by August 3. But the war had been ended before they were able to bear a hand in it. The Illinois militia and the regulars from Jefferson Barracks had followed Black Hawk into southern Wisconsin and thence in hot pursuit westward to the Mississippi, across which the disillusioned chief was now seeking to escape. On August 2, at the mouth of the Bad Axe River the remainder of his force was annihilated in an action which resembled a massacre more than it did a battle. Of the one thousand followers of Black Hawk who invaded Illinois in April not more than one hundred and fifty were left alive five months later.

To Scott remained only the task of dictating the terms of peace which the victors saw fit to impose. At Rock Island, in September, these were registered in two treaties,

one with the Winnebago, the other with the Sauk and Foxes. The former, who had done their best to hold aloof from the war, were compelled to cede their homeland in southern Wisconsin and to accept in its stead a reservation in northern Iowa. The Sauk and Foxes, having already lost their ancient home east of the Mississippi, were deprived of a large tract on its western side, comprising most of the eastern end of the present state of Iowa. The regulars now dispersed to their distant stations, scattered from Lake Michigan to the Atlantic, and the brief and tragic Black Hawk War passed into history.

Its results for Chicagoland were very important. Before the war the entrancing wilderness which lay between Lake Michigan and the Mississippi was a land unknown, save to an occasional trader or trapper. Something had been done, indeed, to inform the world concerning this region by the extensive reports of the exploring expeditions of Governor Cass and Major Long which visited Chicago in 1820 and 1823. Yet Long's party, although composed of seasoned explorers and provided with all the resources and information at the command of the government, would not venture upon the trip from Chicago to Prairie du Chien until, after much effort, a guide was found to conduct them. In 1829 a young army lieutenant named Jefferson Davis journeyed overland from Fort Winnebago to Fort Dearborn in search of some deserters, and believed himself to be the first white man who had ever made such a journey. These are but random items illustrative of the general ignorance concerning Chicagoland which existed prior to 1832. The war made it known to the whites. One of the Illinois militiamen who followed the despairing red men across southern Wisconsin wrote of the lovely four-lakes country that if

these lakes were anywhere else they would be regarded as among the wonders of the world. Beside them today lies the capital of Wisconsin, the seat of one of America's great universities. The soldiers returned to their homes carrying marvelous tales of the newly discovered paradise, and of the wealth in forests, mill-sites, and farms which awaited the coming of the settler. In hundreds of eastern communities these reports were heard with keenest interest, and the desire was kindled in the breasts of the hearers to become dwellers in this new land of promise. It was the peculiar good fortune of Chicago that this development coincided with the opening of an era of commercial enthusiasm and speculation such as the country has never witnessed either before or since that decade. For the West, this found chief expression in a rush of immigration and a frenzy of speculation in land. Chicago, lying at the head of Lake Michigan, astride the river highway to the Mississippi, became the focal point of this development. Her manifest destiny as the chief city of interior America was about to be realized.

The birth of Chicago as a corporate entity was directly occasioned by the project for a canal connecting the Chicago River with the Illinois, whose need had been perceived by Jolliet in 1673. The Illinois and Michigan Canal is peculiar among improvements of this character in the fact that during the early years of its agitation no local constituency was concerned in the project. On the contrary, it was visioned as a work of national interest and importance long before the territory of Illinois had acquired corporate existence. Following the acquisition of Louisiana, the vision gradually dawned upon the country of connecting New York with New Orleans by one grand con-

tinuous internal waterway. To do this the Hudson must be connected with Lake Erie, and Lake Michigan with the Illinois. There was as yet but slight commercial demand for the latter work, but the disasters suffered in the War of 1812 served to emphasize anew the military importance of a highway from the lakes to the Mississippi, and in the treaties of peace negotiated with the northwestern tribes at the close of the war the occasion was improved to secure for the United States the strip of land between Lake Michigan and the Illinois, through which the future canal must be built. Investigations of the route by army engineers quickly followed, and in January, 1819, John C. Calhoun, as secretary of war, submitted a report to Congress urging the construction of the canal as a national work.

Meanwhile, Illinois had been admitted to statehood in 1818, and, contrary to the design of the framers of the Ordinance of 1787, her northern boundary had been advanced from a line through the southern extreme of Lake Michigan to the parallel of 42°30′, with the avowed purpose of giving the new state a northern trend through the possession of a commercial outlet on Lake Michigan. By this maneuver the area of Illinois was increased by some eighty-five hundred square miles, at the expense of the future state of Wisconsin, and a local interest in fowarding the construction of the canal was created. In 1827 Congress granted to the state the alternate sections of land in a five-mile strip along either side of the canal for the purpose of aiding its construction. Two years later the state legislature availed itself of this offer by creating a Canal Commission of three members, with powers appropriate to the task in view. This commission proceeded to plat, at

either end of the proposed route, the towns of Ottawa and Chicago, and in September, 1830, the lots at Chicago were offered at auction to the public.

The habitations of the settlement, which at this time may have numbered three score or four score people, had been built at the forks of the river and along the main stream running eastward toward Fort Dearborn. This land belonged to section 9 of the United States land survey, one of the alternate sections which by the Act of 1827 had fallen to the Canal Commission. Expressed in modern terms, section 9 extends from State Street west to Halsted and from Madison north to Chicago Avenue. On it James Thompson, the surveyor employed by the Commission, proceeded to plat the town; but since more than half of the section lies north of the river, he chose to plat only that portion of it extending from Madison north to Kinzie Street, and westward from State to Des Plaines. Within these boundaries, comprising about three-eighths of a square mile, forty-eight blocks and fractional blocks were laid out on the familiar checkerboard plan, the only irregularities being such as the twofold bisection of the tract by the river rendered unavoidable.

The survey was completed and the town plat filed for record on August 4, 1830, which thereby became the first date in Chicago's corporate history. The auction of the lots the following month disclosed but a modest enthusiasm over the value of Chicago real estate. The average price bid for 126 lots was but $35, while two eighty-acre tracts adjoining the town were sold for $100 each, and another similar tract for a slightly larger sum. Many of the purchasers were, of course, residents of the place whose status until now had been that of squatters on the public domain,

and who were now for the first time acquiring legal title to their homes. There is nothing to indicate that as yet those most familiar with Chicago had any premonition of the astonishing revolution in real estate values which was so soon to be witnessed here. A few months later Robert A. Kinzie journeyed to the land office at Palestine and there entered the fractional quarter-section north of the river which included the parental home. The tract, in the angle formed by the river and the lake, comprised but one hundred and two acres, and Kinzie, who might have entered fifty-eight additional acres elsewhere, returned home without bothering to do so. His mother, on hearing of this, urged him to enter the cornfield at the forks of the river, which may have been cultivated by Trader Guillory half a century earlier. "Hear mother," was Kinzie's laughing response; "we have just got one hundred and two acres, more than we shall ever want, or know what to do with, and now she would have me go and claim fifty-eight acres more."

Although wealth surpassing the wildest exercise of the imagination was thus rejected by the speaker, there was little in the contemporary situation to condemn his judgment. For another two years the growth of the settlement was infinitesimal and the speculators of 1830 may well have bemoaned their folly in exchanging good money for town lots in the wilderness. The season of 1831 witnessed little outward change in the settlement, which continued to present the aspect of a sprawling village of log huts, with not a single frame building in the place. Yet the summer was marked by two occurrences significant of the future course of events. A number of settlers passed through the town, intent on finding homes in the valleys of the Des

Plaines and the Du Page; while Cook County was organized by the legislature, with Chicago as the county seat.

The season of 1832 ensued, abnormal in every way. With the spring came the panic occasioned by Black Hawk, and the flight of the terrified settlers of the Des Plaines and the Du Page to Chicago, swelling the normal population of the town to several hundred souls. The confusion and crowding were presently intensified by the arrival of Whistler's regulars, who promptly ousted the fugitives who had found temporary shelter in the barracks and the officers' quarters of Fort Dearborn. Midsummer brought General Scott and the cholera, at the news of whose advent the Indian peril was forgotten. Townsmen and fugitives alike betook themselves to sudden flight, and overnight, as it were, Chicago was emptied of its civilian population. Ere autumn, war and cholera had both departed, and the townsmen returned to their abandoned dwellings. The autumn and winter that followed was the last period of somnolence Chicago was ever to know, for with the spring of 1833 the on-pouring tide of settlement burst like a deluge upon the town.

At the beginning of the season, the place was still a village of log huts. The summer was one of feverish activity, however, and at its close dozens of new frame buildings might be seen where but one had stood before. They were, to be sure, of flimsy construction, hastily thrown together in the cheapest and rudest manner, but their presence afforded convincing evidence that a vigorous, throbbing life had replaced the languorous atmosphere of old at the forks of the Chicago. Besides those who settled in the place, probably a much larger number of homeseekers had passed through it to find locations farther on. In either event they

made their contribution to the city's upbuilding, for its growth depended upon the development of the back country and every homestead founded in the wilderness west of Lake Michigan added another source of tribute to Chicago's permanent prosperity.

Building developments aside, the season was marked by several other occurrences of note. A canal implied a harbor for shipping at Chicago. Congress had long since lent its countenance to the canal project, but as yet there was no harbor, because of the sandbar which blocked the mouth of the river. In March, Congress voted $25,000 for a harbor at Chicago, and on July 1 the work of construction was begun. By cutting a channel through the sandbar, the river was afforded a direct outlet to the lake, and the work thus begun by the army engineers was completed the following season by the Des Plaines River, which sent its spring flood down the Chicago with such force as to dredge the channel deep enough to admit the heaviest vessels. Piers to north and south of the new river-mouth, extending five hundred feet into the lake, completed the work of the engineers, and for the first time shipping found safe and adequate anchorage at the south end of Lake Michigan.

Another event of importance was the incorporation of Chicago as a village in August, 1833. A preliminary election held on August 5 to disclose the will of the townsmen on the question brought thirteen voters to the polls, twelve of whom voted for incorporation. On August 10, when the town trustees were chosen, the entire electorate, twenty-eight in number, turned out, and thirteen of them modestly offered themselves as candidates for office. The law prescribed at least 150 residents to form a corporate town, and it seems evident from this election that Chi-

cago's population hovered dangerously close to this minimum. The arrivals of 1833, however, were probably not eligible to vote.

The village fathers entered upon their duties with becoming gravity. A donation had been made by the state of certain lots in section 9 to aid the new town, and a portion of these, set aside for a public square, still remains the seat of the county and city government. On this square the prison, a log structure, was erected in the autumn, and in November a code of ordinances for the government of the villagers was adopted. The first financial obligation was incurred in October, 1834, when the sum of sixty dollars was borrowed to drain and improve State Street.

The improvement of highways was a pressing concern in early Chicago, and one of the first acts of the village trustees was the establishment of a free ferry across the river at Dearborn Street. The task of establishing contact with the adjacent country had been begun by the County Commissioners, two years earlier. In April, 1831, only a month after their first meeting, the first county highways were marked out. One ran by way of Madison Street and Ogden Avenue to the Des Plaines at Riverside, and thence onward to the Du Page and the western boundary of the county. The second ran southward along State Street and Archer Avenue "to the house of Widow Brown on Hickory Creek." These two enactments mark the formal beginning of present-day Chicago's vast system of highways.

The Ordinance of 1785, which created our national land-survey system, set aside section 16 in every township for school purposes, while the Ordinance of 1787 for the government of the Northwest proclaimed in ringing terms that "schools and the means of education shall forever be en-

couraged." Chicago's school section lay immediately south of the town plat, embracing the land lying between State and Halsted streets, extending southward from Madison to Roosevelt Road. In October, this was offered at auction, having been subdivided into 144 blocks of approximately four acres each. All but 4 of these were sold, mostly to speculators, at an average price of $6.72 per acre, the total realized being $38,619.47. This sum is said by one chronicler to have been "beyond expectations." Expectations concerning Chicago realty were, evidently, still sufficiently modest. The speculative mania of the three following years was originally fed by the lots of the school section, together with the canal lots in section 9. As the mania grew, however, fresh "additions" were hastily platted and thrown on the market to feed the flame.

The story of one of these will sufficiently illustrate the spirit which governed the city's initial boom. In 1835 Gurdon S. Hubbard became part owner of an eighty-acre tract west of the north branch between Kinzie Street and Chicago Avenue, purchased for $5,000. Chancing to visit New York a few months later, Hubbard was amazed to find a wild speculation going on in Chicago town lots. Hastily hunting up an engraver, he caused a plat to be drawn from his verbal description of the land, and auctioned one-half of it for $80,000. The story preceded Hubbard homeward, and even to the thrifty Chicago speculators the tale seemed too fabulous for belief, until he arrived in person to confirm it. Fantastic as such transactions may sound to the reader, the progress of a century was to discount them a thousand fold. Today, the school section comprises most of the Chicago Loop, perhaps the most congested business district in the world, and more is paid per front foot of

single lots than was realized from the sale of the entire section a century ago.

The final chapter in the drama of the red man at Chicago was now at hand. The rush of settlers into Chicagoland which followed the close of the war made necessary the early removal of the Indians from the region. The Potawatomi and allied tribes still held the land between Lake Michigan and Rock River, extending northward from a line drawn due west from the corner of Ouilmette's reserve at Grosse Pointe to the foot of Lake Winnebago. With the object of securing the cession of this tract, estimated to contain five million acres of land, and of removing its owners west of the Mississippi, the last and greatest Indian council ever held here was convened in September, 1833. From far and wide the warriors of the three tribes concerned in the cession converged upon Chicago, bringing their squaws, papooses, ponies, and dogs to share in the powwow. In all, several thousand Indians assembled. The woodland and prairie surrounding the village and the sand-hills along the lake shore were studded with their wigwams, while herds of ponies browsed in all directions. Along the river were many groups of tents, constructed of coarse canvas, blankets, and mats, surrounded by poles supporting meat, moccasins, and rags. Within, on shavings or half-rotten mats, men, women, children, and baggage sprawled promiscuously.

The treaty-making afforded to the natives the opportunity for a prolonged carousal. Supplied with food by the Commissioners and with liquid refreshment by the traders, for the present their cup of contentment overflowed. Gossiping, gambling, loafing, and racing were the order of the day. "Far and wide the grassy prairie teemed with

figures; warriors, mounted or on foot, squaws, and horses. Here a race between three or four Indian ponies each carrying a double rider, whooping and yelling like fiends. There a solitary horseman with a long spear, turbaned like an Arab, scouring along at full speed; groups of hobbled horses; Indian dogs and children, or a grave conclave of grey chiefs seated on the grass in consultation."

The treaty provided that the tribes should cede their remaining land west of Lake Michigan, and within three years' time should remove beyond the Mississippi. The government was to transport them to their new home and pay the cost of their support for one year after their arrival. In addition, the expenditure in their supposed behalf of sums aggregating almost a million dollars was agreed upon. About one-half of this huge total was really devoted to the red men, provision being made for the erection of mills and houses, and the employment of physicians, blacksmiths, and teachers. The remainder of the appropriation was devoted to objects from which the Indian derived practically no advantage, the placating of influential chiefs, the payment of supposed debts due to individual white men, and the distribution of goods which were unneeded or were quickly squandered by the recipients.

Two years passed away, when in the summer of 1835 the natives once more assembled at Chicago to receive the payment of their last annuity and to prepare for the long journey beyond the Mississippi. Since their last assemblage in 1833, the sprawling village had developed into what, to their unsophisticated eyes, must have seemed a veritable metropolis. Already they were strangers in the land of their nativity. As on happier occasions, however, they danced and sang and drank and fought. Several thou-

sand had gathered, and the same picturesque scenes were presented as had characterized the assemblage of 1833. "A more motley group eye never beheld," wrote the reporter for Chicago's first newspaper; "their clothing is of every color, bright red predominating, and bedizened with bracelets, ribbons, and feathers. . . . . On Monday, we understand that one was tried by his tribe for the murder of a squaw, and sentenced to death. He was shot by the chief a short distance from town."

Before quitting their ancient council ground the warriors staged a war dance impressive in its savagery. Eight hundred in number, they assembled in the council-house on the north side of the river, their only clothing a strip of cloth about the loins, and with faces and bodies hideously decorated with paint. Their coarse black hair was gathered into a scalplock on top of the head and profusely decorated with hawk and eagle feathers, some strung together so as to extend down the back almost to the ground. Led by a band of musicians, the procession moved westward from the council-house along the bank of the river to the north branch. Crossing this on the old bridge, it moved southward to the bridge across the south branch, and then eastward in Lake Street (then Chicago's Main Street) to Fort Dearborn. The procession moved slowly, the warriors advancing with a continual dance. In front of every house along the course a stop was made and extra feats of contortionism were performed, while the musicians produced a continual din of hideous noises by beating on hollow vessels and striking sticks and clubs together.

From the second-story window of Chicago's earliest inn, which stood at the corner of Lake and Market streets, John D. Caton, a future chief justice of the state of

Illinois, looked down upon the dancers. He wrote in after-years:

Their eyes were wild and bloodshot; their countenances had assumed an expression of all the worst passions which can find a place in the breast of a savage; fierce anger, terrible hate, dire revenge, remorseless cruelty, all were expressed in their terrible features. Their muscles stood out in great hard knots, as if wrought to a tension which must burst them. Their tomahawks and clubs were thrown and brandished about in every direction with the most terrible ferocity, and with a force and energy which could only result from the highest excitement, and with every step and every gesture they uttered the most frightful yells, in every imaginable key and note, though generally the highest and shrillest possible. The dance, which was ever continued, consisted of leaps and spasmodic steps, now forward and now back or sideways, with the whole body distorted into every imaginable unnatural position, most generally stooping forward, with the head and face thrown up, the back arched down, first one foot thrown forward and then withdrawn, and the other similarly thrust out, frequently squatting quite to the ground, and all with a movement almost as quick as lightning. Their weapons were brandished as if they would slay a thousand enemies at every blow, while the yells and screams they uttered were broken up and multiplied and rendered all the more hideous by a rapid clapping of the mouth with the hands.

From the parlors of the hotel, whose windows faced the west, the parade was visible for some time as it moved toward the north-branch bridge, and from this place all the way to the bridge across the south branch and down Lake Street to the hotel itself. When the head of the column had reached the hotel,

leaping, gesticulating, and screaming, while they looked up with hell itself depicted upon their faces, at the *Chemokoman* squaws in the windows, and brandished their weapons as if they were about to make a real attack in deadly earnest, the rear was still on the other side of the river, two hundred yards off; and all the intervening space, including the bridge and its approaches, was covered with this raging savagery glis-

tening in the sun, reeking with streaming sweat, fairly frothing at the mouths as with unaffected rage, it seemed as if we had a picture of hell itself before us, and a carnival of the damned spirits there confined, whose pastimes we may suppose should present some such scene as this.

With beautiful appropriateness the red man thus celebrated the end of his era. Defeated but defiant, he took up his journey toward the sunset. Over Chicagoland the day of the white man had dawned.

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